

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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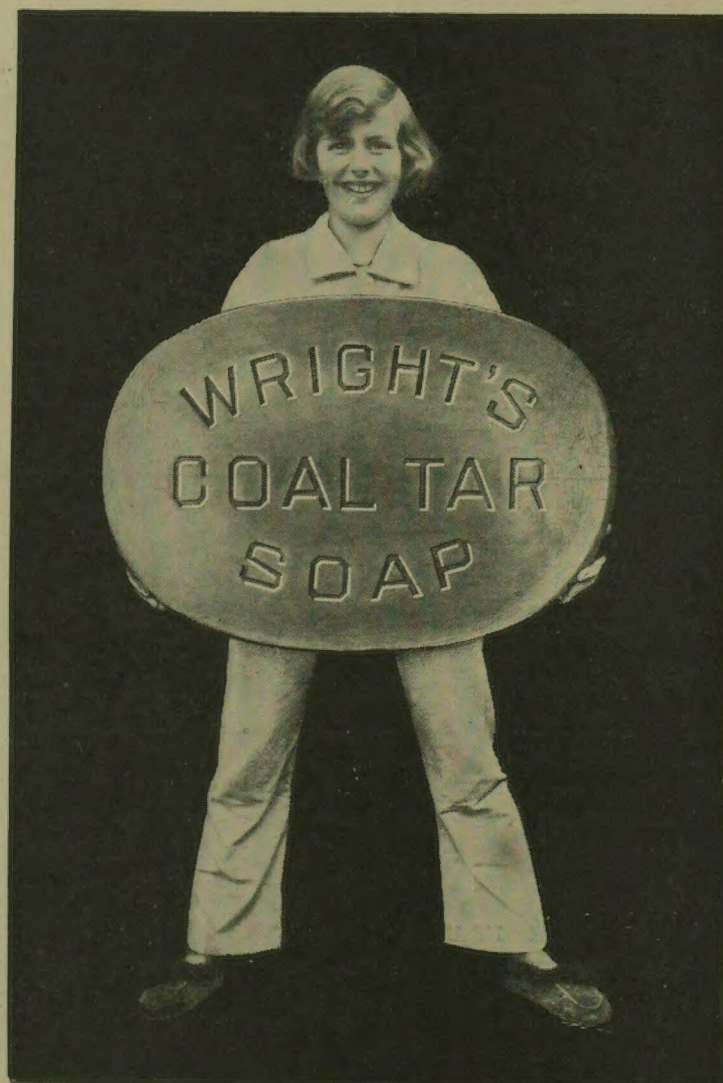


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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1930.

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BLAZING TO PROCLAIM THE BIRTH OF A NEW PRINCESS: THE SIGNAL BEACON NEAR GLAMIS CASTLE.

In honour of the birth of a second daughter to the Duke and Duchess of York, at Glamis Castle, Forfarshire, on August 21, a great beacon was lit that night on Hunter's Hill, two miles from the Castle. At 9.45 p.m., shortly after the event was announced, the Glamis village pipe band, in full dress, piped the villagers to the hilltop, where they were entertained on behalf of Lord Strathmore,

father of the Duchess. The beacon was lit by three village girls from Glamis, with torches that had been used for a similar one when the Duchess was married. The blazing pile could be seen in six counties. Around it danced a crowd of Scottish folk, while the bagpipes played "Highland Lassie" and "The Duke of York's Welcome," composed specially for the occasion.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT was Matthew Arnold, if I remember right, who invented or popularised the phrase "The way the world is going"; a motto for social reformers only too easily adapted into a motto for snobs. It is not really even a simple, let alone a safe, guide; as can be easily tested in his own case. After all, if it comes to that, what way was the world going in the time of Matthew Arnold? We are far enough off it to look back to it, and, when we look back to it, the world seems to be going all ways at once. It was certainly a time when the Philistines, as he called them, the middle-class mercantile Liberals of the school of Cobden and Bright, were still marching from victory to victory. And yet the end of the Liberal century was crowned, or crushed, by the Jingo journalism of the Kipling epoch, with War, Imperialism, and everything that the old Liberals loathed. In one sense the world was more sceptical and scientific; in every sense it seemed more sceptical and scientific; and yet the mystical and religious reaction increased steadily from then till now. In short, when we look back on that time we see not a tide but an eddy, or a welter of eddies, in which each person is paddling his own canoe desperately in his own direction. Arnold wanted to go back to Athens; Newman to go back to Rome; Carlyle to go back to Scandinavia; Schopenhauer to go back to India; Nietzsche to go back to chaos. I do not say there was no predominant influence among these influences, but I do say that it was not so simple as Arnold and some other people thought it; and, so far from simplifying itself with distance, it seems with distance to grow more dizzy and distracted. Wherever that age was drifting, it was to the place where we are now. And where in the world are we?

There is one case of this complexity that always amuses me: the way in which the abstract assumptions of an age are often contradicted by its concrete customs and amusements. The superficial examples are obvious enough. In theory this is the age of Prohibition; in practice it is the age of Cocktails. In theory women are working in the world on an assumption of absolute equality with men; in practice vast numbers are reading the novels of Miss Ethel M. Dell and all sorts of rubbishy tales and essays about the fascination of sheikhs and cavemen. In theory the State has been practically secularised and theology is a dead and threadbare thing, dismissed disdainfully every other paragraph as a lumber of "creeds and dogmas." In practice no newspaper can apparently pay its way without plastering itself all over with headlines and captions about the position of Christianity, the nature of Christ, the immortality of the soul, the future of the Churches, and a whole picture-gallery of portraits of popular clergymen. But there is one particular contradiction which I would note here, between the tone of such religious journalism and something else that might rather be called spiritual literature. At a moment when the popular religion, or at least the religion preached in the popular press, all points one way, the work of the most modern and independent artists points the other. The newspapers are all God and no devil. The novels are all devils and no God.

The tone of that religious journalism, or whatever we call it, is something that people call Optimism. It is a bad word, but it can sometimes stand for a good thing. I have used it myself in other days, merely in opposition to Pessimism, and as meaning the primary conviction that life is worth living and the world is worthy of our efforts for it. But nowadays it means something much more; or, rather,

something immeasurably less. It means a sort of cheap cheeriness, at the back of which there is a curious sort of hollow unbelief in reality. Men boasted of being Optimists about the war; which is like being Optimists about the weather. A man may try to be cheerful even if there is a thunderstorm; but these lunatics talked as if they could prevent a thunderstorm by being cheerful. Those who propose to be cheerful when struck by lightning introduce a more mystical question. So people now boast of being Optimists about Trade; this is more vulgar but less irrational, precisely because trade is a less real thing than war. Some are surprised that the

But this spirit of persuasion, or illusion, does pervade our time in good and bad forms, and especially in one popular religious form. I have remarked before that Spiritualism, for instance, while it does not affirm that all Spirits are good, does rather tend to ignore the suggestion that some are bad. And it will be agreed that the general tone of all the True Christianity and New Religions that pervades the newspapers rather leaves out the possibility that anything is bad. One would infer from these lay sermons that there is no difficulty about being happy, if it be only accompanied by being hazy. Some of the writers deal with the tremendous and pulverising paradox of the Love of God, especially in the aspect of faith in the God of Love, as if it were not only perfectly self-evident, but as if it could have no effect except to make us self-satisfied. The thunderous riddle of the "Est Deus Caritatis" which broke above the dying Brand after his life of agony on the peak of his perfect renunciation, seems to be uttered chirpily every morning to every clerk or stockbroker who will be sufficiently broadminded to play golf instead of going to church. Carlyle complained of people who were at ease in Zion. But the new Zionism thinks it enough to prove that it is easier still not to be in Zion at all. Whatever else it does encourage, the dread of devilry or definite evil is admittedly a thing that it does not encourage. We could read reams and files of the new newspaper theology, and not find even a mention of that fear of demons that was felt by all our fathers.

Very well; that is the way the world is supposed to have gone in our time. But when we read the literature of our time, especially when it is really literary, we find something quite the contrary. The most distinguished men of letters, the novelists or the new poets, often have no more definite beliefs than the newspaper believers. They are quite as pure from the taint of creed, dogma, or intellectually intelligible statement of faith. Most of them are probably agnostics; and in that sense do not believe in God, let alone the devil. And yet they are perpetually writing about devils. They are always at it. Book after book comes out, of which the theme is some strange psychological wickedness, encouraged more or less by some more strange psychical influence. One distinguished novelist writes a book about Pan, as a positive influence and a highly unpleasant influence, fully worthy of his ancient association with Panic. Another distinguished novelist devotes another imaginative novel to a dark and terrible deity of the South Americans, worshipped in former ages with torture and blood. Among the masterpieces of the last twenty or thirty years, those that stand out in my own memory with startling power are almost all of them stories of necromancy or diabolic possession; often written by men who had no definite religious affiliations, but who had imagination carrying all the solidity of conviction. I look back over the whole of that long period, that has been

littered to the sky with newspaper philosophies preaching cheerfulness and optimism, and ignorance of evil; and the two things that stand out in my memory for their solidity and sincerity and power, staring like stone gargoyles of gigantic stature, are both things that seem to face the other way from the whole recent movement of the world. I remember the real literary thrill which I felt long ago when reading "The Turn of the Screw," and how it woke within me again long after, under the suffocating vividness of "Seaton's Aunt."



A PREHISTORIC STRONGHOLD IN THE ORKNEYS UNIQUE FOR ITS STAIR: THE BROCH OF AIKERNES, WHICH IT HAS BEEN RECENTLY ARRANGED TO EXPLORE.

In sending us the remarkable photographs taken opposite of a Stone Age village lately excavated at Skara Brae in the Orkneys, Mr. Thomas Kent included also the above photograph of the stairway leading down to the unexplored interior of the Broch of Aikerness, in the parish of Evie, Orkney. "I have been informed," he writes, "that the broch may be opened soon under the auspices of H.M. Office of Works. This mound is said to be unique in having a stairway, and some interesting discoveries may be made when exploration is in progress." In an account of the Skara Brae village, Mr. Kent says: "It is doubtful whether cereals were cultivated by these people, as no querns for grinding corn were discovered, although they were found in the Pictish brochs of a later period." These Scottish brochs, it may be recalled, have been compared to the somewhat similar *nuraghi* of Sardinia.

same American civilisation should produce Christian Science and commercial salesmanship. But in fact Christian Science is very like commercial salesmanship. Both rest on the idea that facts can be conjured away by moods and mesmerism. The perfect Scientist persuades a man that he hasn't got what he has got. The perfect Salesman persuades a man that he does want what he doesn't want. We may call it, in a complimentary phrase, the power of spirit over matter. We may call it, in a less complimentary phrase, the power of lies over facts.

A STONE AGE "POMPEII" IN THE ORKNEYS: PREHISTORIC HOMES 4000 YEARS OLD.



ONE OF THE NINE SKARA BRAE DWELLINGS: (RIGHT) A STONE SLEEPING-PEN; (NEXT TO LEFT) DOOR TO A "BOX-ROOM" OR "SAFE" THAT CONTAINED QUANTITIES OF BONE BEADS; (RIGHT FOREGROUND) THE HEARTH.

THE "FORGE" OF A STONE AGE "VILLAGE BLACKSMITH": THE SO-CALLED "FLINT-KNAPPER'S WORKSHOP" AT SKARA BRAE, WHERE HE MADE TOOLS, WEAPONS, AND IMPLEMENTS, AND WHERE TRACES OF POTTERY WERE FOUND.



"MAIN STREET" IN THE STONE AGE VILLAGE AT SKARA BRAE: PART OF THE NARROW PASSAGE (WINDING TO FOIL PURSUERS) CONNECTING THE NINE DWELLINGS OR CHAMBERS.

SHOWING (CENTRE BACKGROUND) THE SMALL PASSAGE LEADING TO THE VILLAGE "STREET" AND CLOSED AT NIGHT BY A STONE SLAB: ANOTHER CHAMBER AT SKARA BRAE, WITH SEVERAL SLEEPING-PENS.



ANOTHER SIMILAR CHAMBER: (CENTRE FOREGROUND) HEARTH, AND BASE OF PILLAR BEYOND; (CENTRE BACKGROUND) "DRESSER," WITH FISH-TANK (TO RIGHT) LET INTO FLOOR; (LEFT AND RIGHT FOREGROUND) "BEDS" OR SLEEPING-PENS; (LEFT BACKGROUND) THE "SAFE" DOOR.

A STONE AGE HOUSEWIFE'S KITCHEN, PARLOUR, AND BED-ROOM COMBINED: (RIGHT) THE "DRESSER"; (RIGHT FOREGROUND) A TANK FOR LIVE FISH; (LEFT FOREGROUND) THE CENTRAL HEARTH; (LEFT BACKGROUND) A "BED" AND A DOOR TO THE "SAFE."

At Skara Brae, on the shores of the Bay of Skail, on the west side of the mainland of Orkney, there has recently been completed (for the Office of Works) the task of restoring a Pictish hamlet of the Stone Age, which has been aptly called "Orkney's Pompeii." The village consists of nine dwellings and a workshop, this last situated outside the great stone slab which at night closed-in the little community against marauders—animal or human. The dwellings are connected by a narrow passage, or "main street," twisting from side to side, doubtless to baffle any pursuer. The nine dwelling-chambers have now been set out as they were about 4000 years ago, when two skeletons found in a stone coffin were

women, clad in skins, who went about their domestic duties in some of these rooms. The entrances from the "street" into each dwelling are only 2 ft. high, and were similarly barred by stone slabs. The "beds" are oblong pens with stone sides. A recess in the wall served as a cupboard, and the "fittings" (all of stone) comprised a "dresser" with shelves, a "knocking-stone" for mashing-up bones, and—most interesting of all—a tank sunk into the floor about a foot deep, for keeping shell-fish, limpets, and so on, alive in salt water until required for a meal. The only other apartment is a cubby hole, at the end of a short passage, which has been variously explained as a "box-room" or a "safe" for women's trinkets. More than 3000 beads have been found, made of all sorts of animal bones, including wild boars' tusks, and teeth of the horse and the walrus. During the last few months some 2700 visitors from various countries, especially the United States, have come to Skara Brae to see its relics of the Stone Age. On page 354 we illustrate another Orkney antiquity—the Broch at Aikerness.

AUSTRALIA WINS THE "ASHES": THE END OF THE "TIMELESS" TEST MATCH.



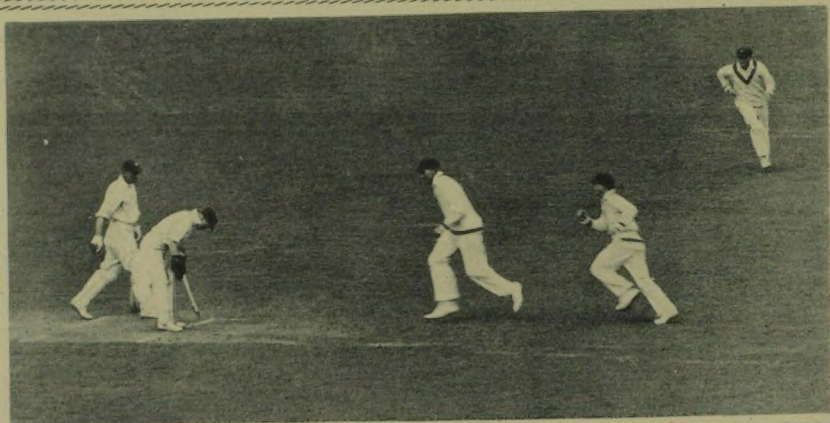
A MOST UNUSUAL HONOUR: THE AUSTRALIANS GIVING THREE CHEERS FOR HOBBS AS HE WALKED TO THE WICKET FOR, PRESUMABLY, HIS LAST TEST MATCH INNINGS.



THE LAST MOMENT OF THE LONG-DRAWN-OUT FINAL TEST: HAMMOND CAUGHT BY FAIRFAX OFF HORNIBROOK, WHO TOOK 7 WICKETS FOR 92 DURING ENGLAND'S SECOND INNINGS.



EVIDENCE OF THE KIND OF WICKET ON WHICH ENGLAND'S DEFEAT WAS COMPLETED: PUTTING DOWN SAWDUST TO GIVE THE BOWLERS A FOOTHOLD.



SOUVENIR-SEEKING AFTER THE LAST ENGLISH WICKET HAD FALLEN: HAMMOND, OLDFIELD, HORNIBROOK, McCABE, AND WOODFULL RUNNING TO SECURE A STUMP OR A BAIL.

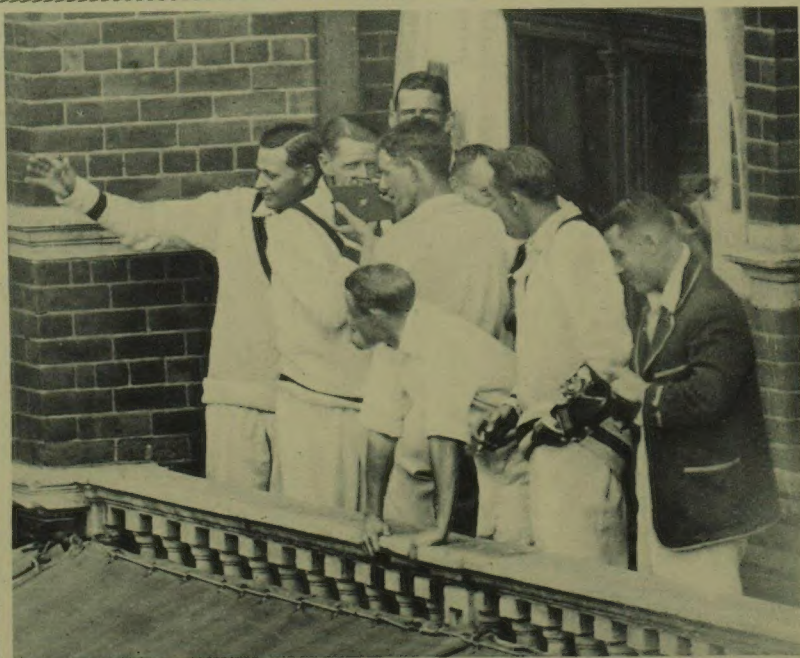


WITH SOUVENIR-STUMP IN HAND AND BESET BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD: WOODFULL, CAPTAIN OF AUSTRALIA, BEING ASSISTED TO THE PAVILION BY THE POLICE.



AFTER ENGLAND'S DEFEAT BY AN INNINGS AND 39 RUNS: THE CROWD BREAKING ON TO THE OVAL GROUND, WHILE THE PLAYERS DASHED TO THE PAVILION TO ESCAPE THEIR ATTENTIONS.

THE final and "timeless" Test Match came to an end at the Oval on August 22, when Hammond was caught by Fairfax shortly before four in the afternoon. England lost by an innings and 39 runs. The natural regret which all Englishmen feel at the defeat of their own team ought not to obscure their admiration for the splendid cricket played by the Australians. Indeed, they have a leader in this admiration in the King himself, who, through the medium of a letter to Mr. Kelly, the manager of the Australian team, congratulated them on their success, and expressed his own pleasure in following their play and at having the opportunity to watch Mr. Bradman bat. It is interesting to note that Australia's achievement constitutes, in a sense, a record: for the first time an English team has been beaten on English soil by a whole innings by Australia.



FAREWELL TO THE CROWD AT THE OVAL! WOODFULL (EXTREME LEFT) WAVING FROM THE PAVILION, WITH "DON" BRADMAN LEANING ON THE BALUSTRADE.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



SIR CHARLES A. TEGART.
Commissioner of Police for Calcutta. Escaped uninjured from a bomb outrage in Calcutta on August 25. Born, 1881. Joined Indian Police in 1901.



PROFESSOR SELWYN IMAGE.
Died, August 22. Poet and artist. Twice Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford. A pupil of Ruskin and a friend of William Morris.



SIR ASTON WEBB, R.A.
Died, August 21, aged eighty-one. Distinguished architect and former President of the Royal Academy. Restored Burford Church and St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield.



PROFESSOR H. H. TURNER.
Died at Stockholm, on August 20. Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. Graduated as Second Wrangler at Cambridge, 1882. In 1884, Chief Assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

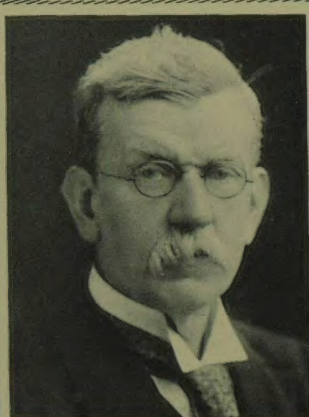


PHOTOGRAPHED SHORTLY AFTER BEING SWORN IN AT OTTAWA ON AUGUST 7: THE CANADIAN CONSERVATIVE PARTY CABINET.

Seated (l. to r.): Mr. Hugh Guthrie, Minister of Justice; Sir George Perley, Minister without Portfolio; Mr. R. B. Bennett, Prime Minister, External Affairs and Finance; Senator Gideon Robertson, Labour; Mr. H. H. Stevens, Trade and Commerce. Standing are (l. to r.) Mr. R. J. Manion, Railways and Canals; Mr. E. B. Ryckman, National Revenue; Dr. Murray MacLaren, Pensions and Health; Mr. Wesley Gordon, Immigration and Colonisation; Mr. Hugh Stewart, Public Works; Mr. Maurice Dupre, Solicitor-General; Mr. A. Sauve, Postmaster-General; Mr. T. C. Murphy, Interior and Mines; Mr. C. G. Cahan, Secretary of State; Mr. Alfred Duranleau, Marine; Col. Donald Sutherland, National Defence. Mr. E. N. Rhodes (Fisheries), Mr. Robert Weir (Agriculture), and Mr. J. A. Macdonald (without portfolio) were not in Ottawa at the time and consequently are not in the photograph.



THE EIGHTH DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, WHO DIED ON AUGUST 24, AGED FIFTY: A PORTRAIT BY P. DE LASZLO.
Alan Ian Percy became Earl Percy on the death of his eldest brother in 1909. Joined the Grenadier Guards in 1900, and fought in the South African War and in the Sudan Campaign of 1908. A.D.C. to Earl Grey in Canada in 1910. Married Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, 1911. Served in France from 1914 to 1916. Succeeded to the Dukedom in 1918. A vigorous Conservative politician. Created Knight of the Garter, 1925. Was interested in scientific research and President of the Royal Institution. The Duke was buried in Westminster Abbey, by a prescriptive right which his family has held since the days of Charles II. The "royal" honour was also conferred on his body of entering the Abbey by the Great West Door.



DR. GEORGE J. BENNETT.
Died, August 20. Organist of Lincoln Cathedral for thirty-five years. Studied at Berlin and Munich in 1884. Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music. Conductor, Lincoln Musical Society.



MISS MARY O. IRVING.
Lost her life in a climbing accident above Arolla, in Switzerland, on August 21. Had recently been awarded the Charlotte Yonge classic scholarship at St. Swithin's School, Winchester.



MR. VINCENT O'CONNOR, B.A.
Lost his life, together with his fiancée, Miss Irving, on the Pointe de l'Évêque above Arolla. Educated at New College, Oxford. Junior Classics Master at Eton. Aged twenty-five.



SIR HENRY FARNHAM BURKE, K.C.V.O.
Died on August 21, aged seventy-one. Garter King at Arms. Genealogist of the Order of the Bath. Particularly an authority on mediæval armour.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



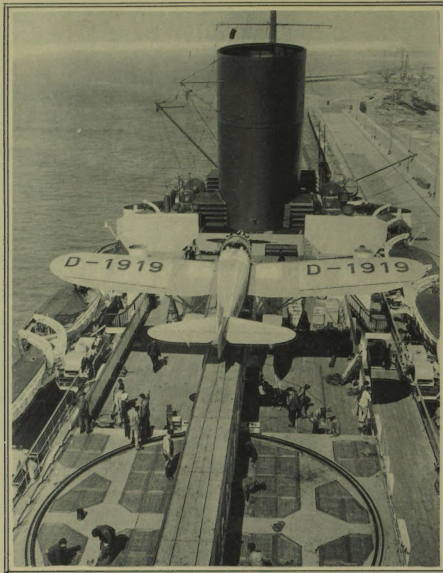
MISS MARION TERRY.
Died, August 21. Born, Oct. 1856. The last of the four famous Terry sisters, and a distinguished actress. Was on the stage for fifty years.



SEÑOR AUGUSTO LEGUÍA, PRESIDENT OF PERU.
Resigned his Presidency on August 25, when a military junta had refused to accept the Government he had formed. Left Lima for Panama.



SIR J. A. MAUNG GYI.
Presented on August 22 with an address by the Corporation of Rangoon congratulating him on his being the first Burman to become Acting Governor of Burma.



SHOWING THE AIRCRAFT ON ITS RUNWAY: THE TRANSATLANTIC LINER "EUROPA" FITTED WITH A CATAPULT DEVICE FOR LAUNCHING A SEAPLANE FROM HER DECK, AND THUS SPEEDING-UP SHIP-TO-SHORE COMMUNICATION.

The German transatlantic liner "Europa," the sister-ship of the "Bremen," which was equipped last year with a catapult and a catapult device for launching it, now carries a seaplane herself. This aircraft has been christened the "Atlantic," and it is planned to catapult it off the liner some

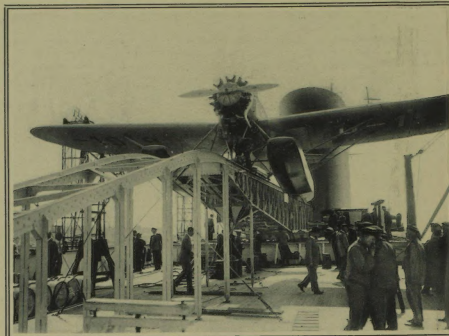
(Continued on right.)



THE FUNERAL OF SIR ASTON WEBB: THE COFFIN LEAVING ST. PAUL'S, WITH SIR WILLIAM LEWELLYN, P.R.A., AND MR. JOHN BURNS AMONG THE PALL-BEARERS.

The impressive funeral service of Sir Aston Webb, the famous architect, was held at St. Paul's, on August 28. He had expressed a desire to be buried in Kensington Cemetery, Gunpowderbury, so that the offer of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's of burial in the Crypt could not be accepted. In the photograph, Sir William Lewellyn is in the left foreground, followed by Mr. John Burns.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE "EUROPA'S" SEAPLANE ON ITS RUNWAY SEEN FROM BELOW: THE NEW METHOD OF SHIP-TO-SHORE COMMUNICATION INSTALLED ON THE GERMAN LINER.

hundreds of miles before harbour is reached, thereby saving more than half a day in getting the mails to land. Our readers will remember, in connection with this, that we recently illustrated another form of aerial communication which has been made with her sister-ship, when a "Blimp" alighting put off from the land in New York harbour and took off a passenger from the deck of the "Bremen."



"SHAMROCK V." BEING TOWED UP THAMES RIVER, CONNECTICUT, TO NEW LONDON, FOR RE-FITTING AND CLEANING: THE YACHT WITH HER CONVOY, THE "ERIN."

The race for the "America's" Cup will begin off Newport, Rhode Island, on September 13. The contest will be the best of seven matches. "Shamrock V." has been undergoing a refit at New London. The choice of an opponent for her seems, at the moment of writing, to lie between "Westmacott" and "Enterprise."



A TANK "GRAND NATIONAL" AT CATTERICK GRAND MILITARY DISPLAY: CARDEN LLOYD TANKS "DISGUISED" AS HORSES, WITH JOCKEYS UP—SEEN SURMOUNTING OBSTACLES.

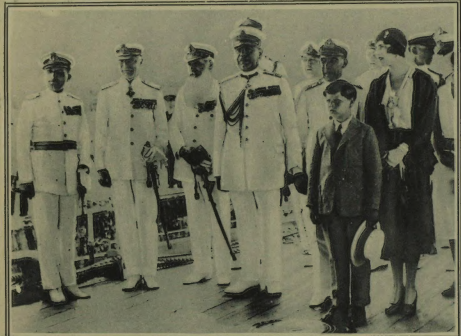
The Grand Military Display, given on August 22-23, included a thrilling display of ice-riding by dispatch-riders of the Royal Corps of Signals, an "alarm event" by mechanized artillery, and the Tank "Grand National" illustrated above. It was attended on August 22 by Princess Mary, who presented the Horticultural shield and cup.



IN A Eucharistic procession down the Danube during the celebration of the NINTH CENTENARY OF ST. EMERY, AT BUDAPEST: CARDINAL SINCERO ON A RIVER-STEAMER.

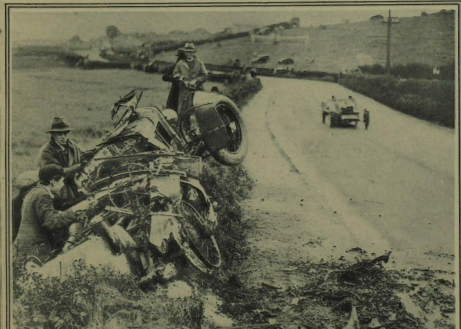
The festivities in honour of the ninth centenary of St. Emery, at Budapest, culminated on August 19 and 20. After a Field Mass celebrated by the Papal Legate, Cardinal Sincero, on the parade at Buda, and a Eucharistic Congress in the evening, there was a Eucharistic procession in boats on the Danube. In this Cardinal Sincero carried the Host, and he imparted from time to time the Papal blessing on the

(Continued on right.)



PRINCE MICHAEL WITH HIS MOTHER, PRINCESS HELEN OF ROUMANIA, ON BOARD H.M.S. "CURAGOA": A VISIT PAID TO THE BRITISH SQUADRON OFF CONSTANZA.

The above photograph shows Vice-Admiral Davies, commanding the English squadron, standing behind the boy Prince, while General Grandescu, of the Roumanian Army, stands beside Vice-Admiral Davies. In the officers in excellent English, Prince Michael asked many questions. A commercial treaty has been recently signed between England and Roumania.



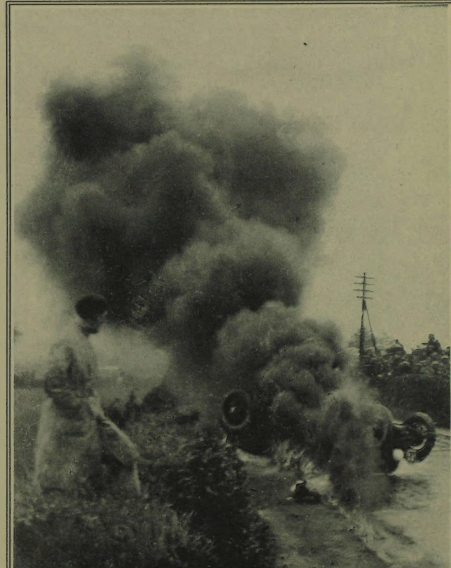
A FAMOUS MOTORIST'S CRASH IN THE R.A.C. TOURIST TROPHY RACE NEAR BELFAST: MR. KAYE DON'S BURNT-OUT CAR AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

In the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race, run over the Antrim Circuit, near Belfast on August 23, crashed behind three of the best-known racing motorists—Mr. Kaye Don (in an Alfa-Romeo), Capt. H. R. S. Birkin (Bentley), and Capt. A. C. R. Waite (Austin). Mr. Kaye Don's accident was the most spectacular, as his car burst into flames when it overturned, and he was pinned underneath.



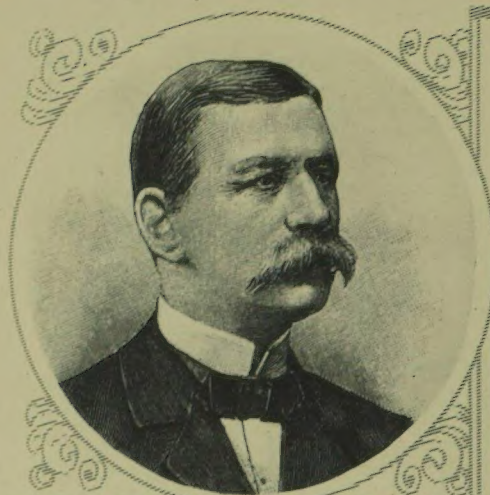
AN AUSTRIAN CONTRIBUTION TO A HUNGARIAN CELEBRATION: A WONDER-WORKING CRUCIFIX CARRIED IN THE PROCESSION ON ST. STEPHEN'S DAY, AT BUDA, BY TYROLESE PEASANTS.

crowds swelling on the quays on both sides of the river. On August 20, being the Feast of St. Stephen, the King, the yearly procession of the "Holy Right" of St. Stephen was celebrated with unusual pomp. The first part of the procession consisted of delegations, such as those of the 1000 Tyrolean peasants, some of whom are seen above in national costume.



MR. KAYE DON'S WONDERFUL ESCAPE: HIS ALFA-ROMEO UPSIDE DOWN IN FLAMES, FROM WHICH HE WAS EXTRICATED JUST IN TIME.

Fortunately, he was extricated by his mechanic and a man who turned the car over again. Mr. Kaye Don pluckily walked round the course, saying, he was all right, but in the evening he collapsed and was taken to hospital with a broken rib. The first three places in the race all fell to Italians in Alfa-Romeo cars, the winner being Signor T. Nuvolari.



"DR. S. A. ANDRÉE": THE PIONEER POLAR AERONAUT WHOSE BODY HAS BEEN FOUND IN THE ARCTIC.



"DR. ANDRÉE AND HIS COMPANIONS LEAVING GOTHENBURG FOR SPITZBERGEN ON BOARD THE 'VIRGO': THE START FROM SWEDEN IN 1896, ABOUT A YEAR BEFORE THE ACTUAL ASCENT (ON JULY 11, 1897).

The Discovery of Andrée's Body in the Arctic Ice: The Pioneer of Polar Aeronauts Found after 33 Years.

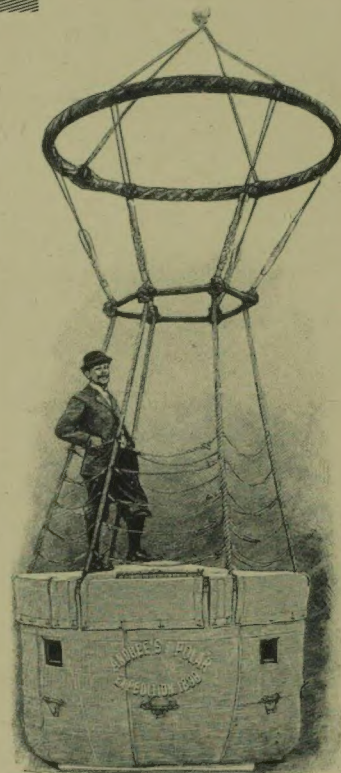
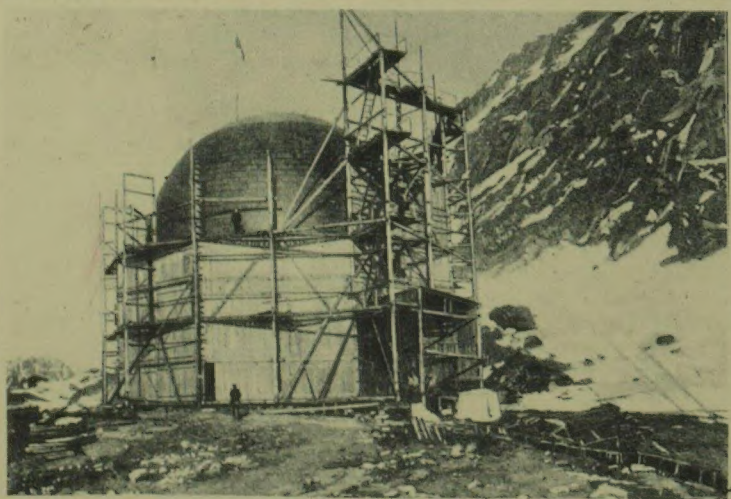


"TRANSPORT OF THE CASE CONTAINING THE BALLOON TO DANE'S ISLAND, SPITZBERGEN": PREPARATIONS FOR THE ASCENT IN PROGRESS IN JUNE 1897.

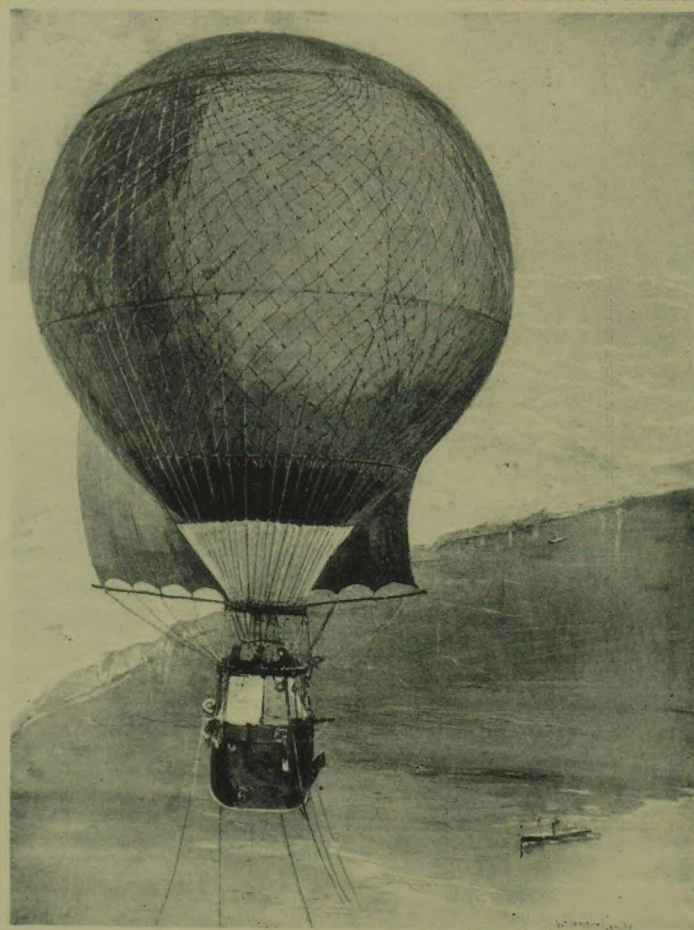
"INSPECTING THE BALLOON, JULY 2, 1897": THE AERONAUTS ON THE INFLATED ENVELOPE (75 FT. HIGH, APART FROM THE BASKET) NINE DAYS BEFORE THE ASCENT FOR THE POLAR FLIGHT.



"ANDRÉE'S BALLOON VOYAGE TO THE NORTH POLE: THE 'EAGLE' READY FOR HER ASCENT": THE BALLOON INSIDE ITS SHED ON DANE'S ISLAND, SPITZBERGEN, EARLY IN JULY 1897.



"DR. ANDRÉE ON THE CAR OF HIS BALLOON": A VIEW SHOWING THE SLEEPING CABIN (5 FT. DEEP BY 6 FT. HIGH) AND THE "SKELETON" OF THE BASKET ABOVE BEFORE IT WAS ENCLOSED BY CANVAS.



"DEPARTURE OF THE 'EAGLE' FROM SPITZBERGEN": THE BALLOON, WITH ANDRÉE AND HIS COMPANIONS—STRINDBERG AND FRÄNKEL—STARTING ON THE JOURNEY FROM WHICH THEY DID NOT RETURN.

On July 11, 1897, the Swedish aeronaut, Salomon August Andrée, with two companions, Strindberg and Fränkel, ascended in a balloon from Dane's Island, Spitzbergen, to fly across the North Pole, a pioneer effort in Arctic exploration by air. They did not return, and for thirty-three years their fate remained a mystery, until on August 22 the ship "Terningen" arrived at Tromsø, from Franz Josef Land, with news that the remains of the lost explorers had been found. The discovery was made on August 6, on White Island, by members of the Norwegian Arctic Expedition, under Dr. Horn, on board the S.S. "Bratvaag." They came across relics of an orderly camp, with cooking vessels, a boat, a sledge, a notebook, instruments, and other outfit marked "Andrée's

Polar Expedition, 1897." Near the boat was Andrée's body, fully dressed and well preserved. Strindberg's body was found near, and Fränkel's was believed to be under ice in the boat. The Norwegians built a cairn to mark the site, and took all the remains aboard their ship. No traces of the balloon were found, and it is believed that the explorers, who had provisions for six months, must have abandoned it and walked over the ice to the place where they camped.

PROBING THE MYSTERIES OF THE KALAHARI—III. OSTRICH EGGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE VERNAY-LANG KALAHARI EXPEDITION ON BEHALF OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM; FIELD MUSEUM, CHICAGO; TRANSVAAL MUSEUM; AND AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



OSTRICH EGGS AS "RESERVOIRS" FOR A WATER SUPPLY PRECIOUS IN ARID REGIONS: KALAHARI WOMEN (ONE, IN CENTRE, WITH HER BABY IN A BAG ON HER BACK) FILLING EGGS WITH WATER AT GOMODINO PAN.



OSTRICH EGGS AS A MEDIUM OF NATIVE ART IN THE KALAHARI: DECORATIVE DESIGNS, INCLUDING PHASES OF THE MOON—SHOWING ALSO GRASS STOPPERS TO PREVENT LEAKAGE OF WATER.

On this and the next two pages is continued the series of remarkable photographs (of which previous instalments appeared in our last two issues) illustrating the Vernay-Lang Expedition into unknown regions of the Kalahari. A note on the above subjects states: "Natives in the central Kalahari are scarce, and their miserably small settlements are always near some water supply. Seldom does the precious water last throughout the year. Especially dry years force the natives to shift; often, however, they eke out a meagre existence by collecting Tsama melons (*Citrullus*) and Gembok cucumbers (see page 362), which contain the necessary moisture. As in ancient times, ostrich eggs are still more important as water-containers. To store water is the women's duty. A hole about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch

in diameter is cut into one end of the egg. In the upper photograph women are seen pouring in the water with the hollow of their hands. Neatly scraped-out carapaces of small land turtles are also used. When filled, the eggs are closed with a tightly rolled stopper of greased grass (see lower illustration), which prevents leakage. Small children are inseparable from their mothers, and one baby may be seen in a leather bag on its mother's back. Two of the women wear cowrie shells and buttons on their head-bands. Designs are cut or scratched into most of these eggs. The pattern, blackened with charcoal and grease, stands out conspicuously on the creamy-white shell. Birds, houses, kraals, and the moon are prominent. Geometrical figures are used as decorative bands."

PRIMITIVE LIFE IN THE KALAHARI: HUNTING; WATER PROBLEMS; NATIVE VILLAGES.



1. GAME-SHOOTING WITH BOW AND POISONED ARROWS: BUSHMEN HUNTERS FROM KAOTWE PAN, IN THE CENTRAL KALAHARI, WHO OFTEN TRACK ANIMALS THUS WOUNDED FOR DAYS



3. VEGETABLES ENABLING MAN TO EXIST IN WATERLESS REGIONS OTHERWISE UNINHABITABLE: GEMSBOK CUCUMBERS (WHICH OSTRICHES SWALLOW WHOLE) WITH A KNIFE TO INDICATE SIZE.



5. SUBJECT TO LION RAIDS, BUT NOT PALISADED: A POOR NATIVE VILLAGE THIRTEEN MILES EAST OF GOMODINO PAN, WHOSE INHABITANTS OWNED ONLY A DONKEY, SOME GOATS, AND A SMALL PATCH OF MELONS.

"Kalahari hunters (1) take enormous pains in stalking game. They must approach near enough to place their poisoned arrows with deadly effect. The wounded game is often tracked for days before being brought down.—(2) Some fifty years ago a pioneer named Van Zyl deepened, by blasting, a rocky depression at this lonely spot to gather enough water to last the year. A ranch was his dream, never realised. Conflict with Bushmen led first to the murder of his son and later of himself.—(3) This patch of Gemsbok cucumbers shows their



2. A RELIC OF A PIONEER MURDERED BY BUSHMEN SOME FIFTY YEARS AGO: VAN ZYL'S CUTTING, A FAMOUS POOL OF WATER ON THE WESTERN BORDER OF THE KALAHARI—SHOWING (LEFT BACKGROUND) THE ROCKS HE EXCAVATED.



4. A NATURAL "GRINDSTONE": A ROCK (PROJECTING INTO VAN ZYL'S POOL—ON THE LEFT IN FIG. 2) USED FOR AGES BY BUSHMEN TO SHARPEN WEAPONS, AND THEREBY MARKED BY DEEP CANOE-SHAPED GROOVES.



6. MOTHERHOOD AND SIESTA: A MORE INDUSTRIOUS AND PROSPEROUS VILLAGE NEAR KAOTWE PAN, WHERE THE MOTHERS ENJOY DANCING AFTER THEIR BABIES ARE ASLEEP.

spiky form. The fondness of the Gemsbok (*Oryx gazella*) for this fruit originated its popular name. It is of great economic importance in dry years, though inferior to the Tsama melon (*Citrullus*). These cucumbers have enabled man to exist in areas otherwise uninhabitable. To some extent they provide both food and water.—The miserable condition of these huts (5) speaks for itself. One donkey, some goats, and a few melons carelessly grown were their only apparent riches. In spite of lions, no palisades are built round Kalahari villages. A few days after our visit, one killed ten goats in another village.—(6) Almost an acre of melons planted indicates the industry of the inhabitants of this village. Goats and donkeys, with a few dogs and chickens, are the only animals kept in these regions. The mothers play with their children very affectionately. At twilight they put their babies to sleep and enjoy a little dancing."

NATIVES OF THE KALAHARI: THEIR ORNAMENTS AND PHYSIQUE.



1. WITH A PECULIAR TONSURE, FRINGED BY OILED TRESSES: A KALAHARI GIRL, WEARING STRINGS OF OSTRICH EGG-SHELL AS NECKLACE AND GIRDLE (SEE ALSO NO. 3).



2. ARTISTRY IN ORNAMENT A CONTRAST TO THE PRIMITIVE HUT: BUSHMAN WOMEN OF THE GHANZI DISTRICT—THE LEFT PAIR ADORNED WITH BEAUTIFUL HEAD-BANDS OF FINELY WROUGHT OSTRICH EGG-SHELL.

REMNANTS OF BUSHMAN TYPE; WITH TRACES OF STEATOPYGY.



3. WEARING A ROUGHLY TANNED GOAT-SKIN AND VERY LONG STRINGS OF BEADS: A FULL-FACE VIEW OF THE SAME KALAHARI GIRL AS SEEN IN NO. 1.



4. TYPES OF KALAHARI MANHOOD: ELDERLY MEN FROM THE GHANZI DISTRICT, LOOKING "ASTONISHINGLY POOR IN PHYSIQUE" WITHOUT THEIR USUAL GARMENTS OF TANNED SKINS.



5. TYPES OF KALAHARI WOMANHOOD: BUSHMAN WOMEN FROM THE GHANZI DISTRICT, WITH SLIGHTLY STEATOPYGOUS CHARACTERISTICS, DIVESTED OF THEIR TANNED-SKIN DRESSES BUT RETAINING THEIR ORNAMENTS.

"In somatic features, only a few of the Kalahari natives seen could claim relationship with what anthropologists call Bushmen. Hybridisation, though strongly denied, is all too apparent. Nevertheless, these people are still of the greatest interest, as the last remnants of what the Bushmen represented.—(1 and 3) "This Kalahari girl, with her peculiar tonsure, around which the oiled tresses of her hair dangle, wore the longest strings of ostrich egg-shell discs as a necklace and as a waist-belt. Stone Age man used shells for body ornaments. Strandlopers and Bushmen broke up ostrich egg-shells and, piercing a tiny hole, strung the irregular fragments on hardened animal sinews. Drawing them over

grooved stones they attained the desired disc-like form. Such tedious work is usually done by old women.—(2) The two women on the left wear the precious head-bands, made of these tiny discs of ostrich egg-shell.—(4) Without their usual tanned-skin coverings, these men look astonishingly poor in physique. Younger men are seldom seen in villages, as most of their time is spent herding cattle or hunting.—(5) When dancing, the women usually discard their tanned-skin garments. Their ornamental finery, however, is carefully retained, as seen in this photograph. The steatopygous characteristics are only slightly formed. The practice of cicatrization is rare."

"DERSO" ON THE INSTITUTE OF INTELLECTUAL CO-OPERATION—

WITH A SPECIAL REFERENCE TO MME. CURIE AND PROFESSOR EINSTEIN.

The Editor of "The Illustrated London News" has received another letter from "Derso," the distinguished cartoonist-correspondent who has already contributed to this paper comments and sketches dealing with the London Naval Conference and with the "Future United States of Europe." It concerns that Institute of Intellectual Co-operation which has just been reorganised by a Committee including Mme. Curie, Professor Einstein, M. Painlevé, Professor Sir Gilbert Murray, Miss Bonnevie, Professor of Zoology at the University of Oslo; M. Nicolas Titulesco, formerly Roumanian Minister in this country; and M. Julio Casares, of the Madrid Royal Academy. As before, the artist-commentator's remarks are printed as received.

Geneva,

August, 1930.

DEAR SIR,—

I have a friend who is an expert in oriental carpets and a philosopher. One must have a man sometimes who can say wise things, even if you don't follow them. So I address myself often to my friend. (It is understood that it was decided at our first meeting that he will never try to sell me a carpet.)

When I saw him to-day at the *Perle du Lac* sitting on a rock with his feet in the water, I asked him what he thought about the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation, which holds its meetings in Geneva under the ægis of the League of Nations.

My friend said that the great minds have always communicated across time and space, and they need no officials or intermediaries—for instance, he himself had the last night communicated with the Sheikh Saadi of Shiraz, Lucian of Samosate and Erasmus of Rotterdam.

I objected that he had done this with the help of printers, publishers, booksellers and translators, all kinds of intermediaries, but my friend said, that is not quite the same thing and the 99 officials of the Institute can't print, sell or translate a single book, and also he said would I kindly remember that he read in the original Greek, Arabic and Persian.

I told him then, to calm him, that the first decision of the great scientists invited by the League was just to reduce the number of the officials of the Institute from 99 to 33.

My friend asked me if a less stronger mathematician than Einstein could not have achieved this.

I told him that the operation was not easy at all, and not only mathematicians but also the authority of the greatest biologists, archeologists and chemists was necessary to obtain this result.

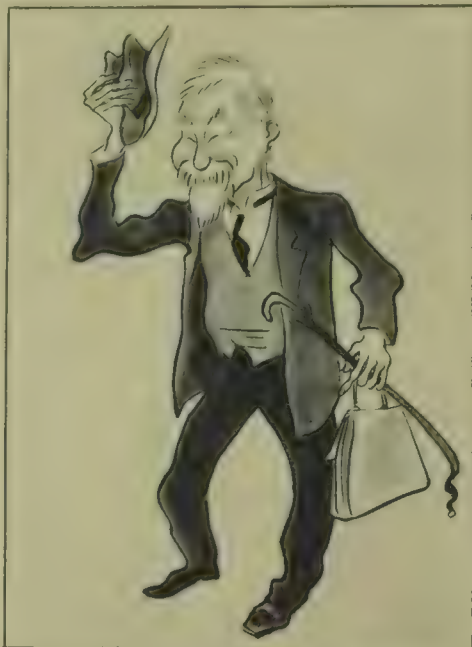
My friend did not seem to be at all satisfied, so I asked him what was the matter.

"Listen" he said, "I understand that the League has been created by statesmen with the object of preventing war by the pacific settlement of political differences. That should keep them occupied. Let them arrange their affairs, but not mix themselves up in things which are outside their competence. In a few words, I don't like to see the arts and sciences in the neighbourhood of politics. Sooner or later politics will influence the work of the Institute."

I don't like to hear that somebody speaks in such terms about the League, even a friend, so I answered that he might be a great expert in oriental carpets, but that he knew nothing about statesmen. I reminded him that nothing is outside the competence of a statesman, and, supposing for a minute that they have the smallest doubt of their own capacities, they can always call the greatest experts in the world and speedily dominate all problems.

"For myself," I continued, "I don't fear that such independent minds as Einstein, Mme. Curie, Gilbert Murray or Painlevé could be influenced by ephemeral political considerations. And you see, they are just sitting with other scientists invited by the League and working together with some politicians and officials on the reorganisation of the Institute. The only thing I regret is that all the meetings are secret. I think that the presence of these eminent scientists at a League Conference should be the glory of the League, the table where they sit more celebrated than the table of the Council, their meetings more celebrated than the whole Assembly of the League. But they shut them in a little room and have a private meeting. That is really absurd, you must agree."

"Look at all these people, old and young, who come to Geneva, the seat of the League; there are



PROFESSOR TANAKADATE, OF THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY, TOKIO.

With these two drawings, "Derso" supplies the following notes: "Professor Tanakadate (Imperial University, Tokio), the Japanese linguist, working for his country to adopt the Roman alphabet in place of the 53,000 Chinese characters now used by the Japanese. He proposes also for us the adoption everywhere of a unified alphabetical system."—"Sir Jagadis Bose, founder of Bose Research Institute, Calcutta (left); and M. Cornejo, the jurist, Peruvian Minister."



SIR JAGADIS BOSE, OF INDIA; AND M. CORNEJO, THE JURIST, OF PERU.



PHYSICS AND MATHEMATICS: PROF. EINSTEIN AND M. PAINLEVÉ.
"Professor Einstein (left) and Painlevé, the great French mathematician, in the Hall of the Palais des Nations."



SIR GILBERT MURRAY AND M. DESTREE.
"Sir Gilbert Murray (Oxford), the great Greek scholar (left), with M. Jules Destrée, Belgian archaeologist and art connoisseur."

hundreds every day who come to see and hear. And they will show them the inkstand of President Wilson and the table of the Council, and they can sit in the empty chair of M. Briand. And they could see the genial head of Einstein and the sober profile of Mme. Curie, and hear their voices, and bring home the greatest souvenir of their pilgrimage, but they are in a little room, at a private meeting, invisible. . . .

" . . . but tranquil," interrupted my friend. "Nobody troubles them. That is why they come to Geneva. If their meetings were prepared according to the scenario of the 'historical meeting of the statesmen,' with the attention of the world's press, the talking film and the galleries crowded with the public, they would resign one after the other, shy and troubled, and very soon the Institute would be grey and monotone, as before their arrival."

I was really discouraged. Suddenly my friend asked: "May I tell you two stories about intellectual co-operation? One

day, after leaving the Institute, I sat on a bench on the Quai Wilson, facing Mont Blanc. Presently an elderly couple came and sat on the next bench to mine, a man and a woman, the man in a light summer suit, hatless, with the gentlest expression you can imagine, the woman, a slight black-robed figure, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, and with a pale, sober profile. They seemed to continue a conversation commenced sometime before, I don't know when. They spoke quietly, and I heard nothing, although I would have given the greatest speeches of your statesmen if only I could have heard what they were saying.

"They seemed to be happy to be at last alone together. They were like two children who had heard many things about each other and had now met and had many things to say. Sometimes the little woman with the severe eyes said something, and the man with the air of childish humour laughed wholeheartedly and slapped his knee, he was so delighted. And then he became serious again. I watched them for a long while, and I thought that *this conversation*—also secret from me—had the value of all the secret meetings of the Institute. I observed, you have guessed, an intellectual idyll of Einstein and Mme. Curie."

I hate an oriental carpet merchant when he becomes sentimental, so I said briefly: "Let me hear the other story."

"Well, this morning, I meet Einstein again in the corridor of the League. He had just put his pipe in his mouth and was looking for some matches. He could not find any, so I gave him a light. When I left him, a newspaperman, anxious for news, precipitated himself and asked me:

"Has he spoken to you?"
'Yes,' I answered, 'he has.'
'What did he say?'
He said: 'Thank you!'"

I looked perplexed: "Why do you tell me this silly story?"—"Why? I was just telling you something about the relative value of conversations with Einstein."

"You are a silly ass, come and have a swim!"

I dived in the lake and my friend followed me slowly until his middle. "You can't swim," I cried, "Are you not ashamed?"

"Swimming" answered my friend disdainfully, "swimming is not for a philosopher, it is for a fish."

So you see, it's rather difficult to discuss things with my friend.

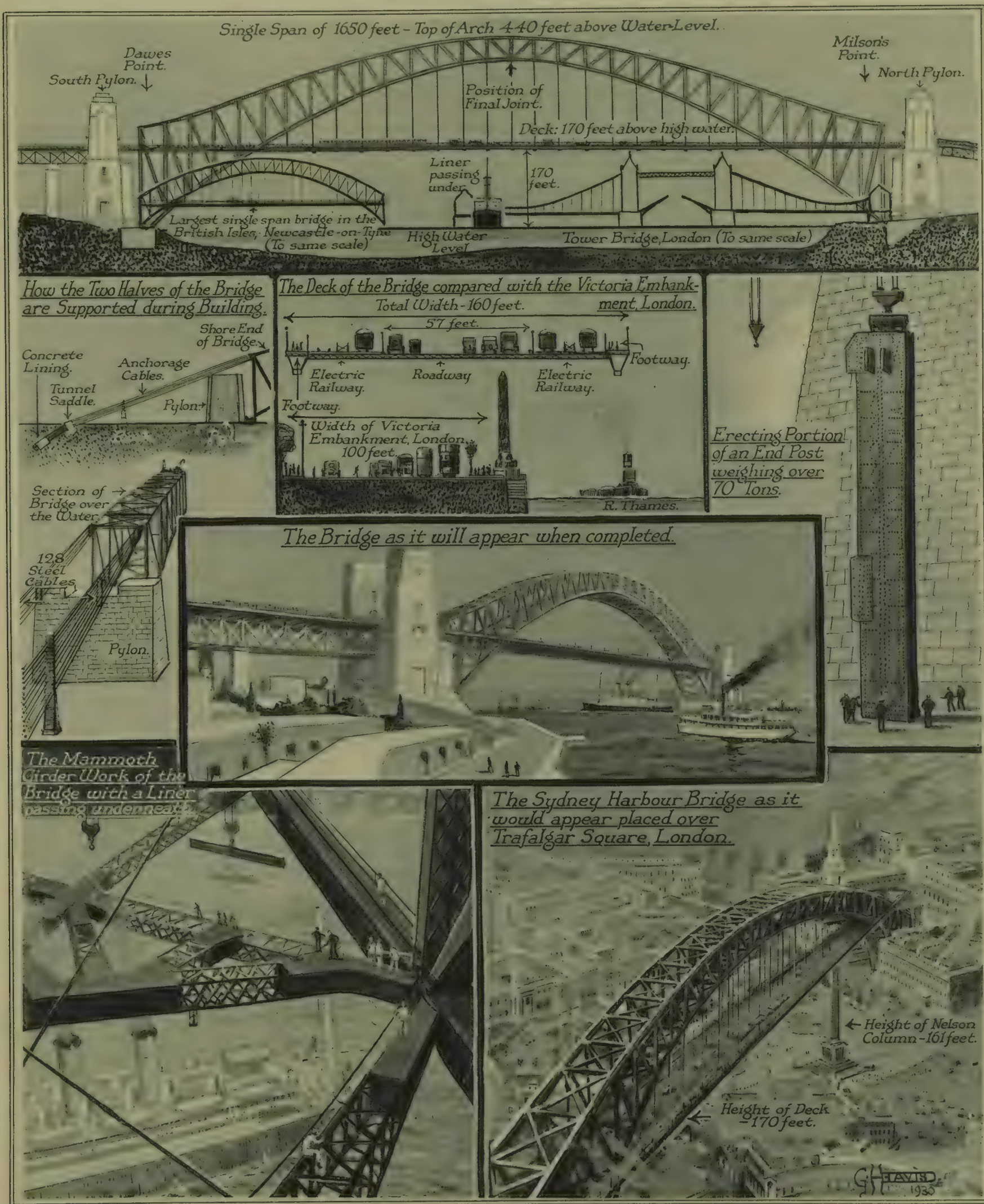
I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

DERSO.

A VAST ENGINEERING FEAT: THE NEW £6,000,000 BRIDGE AT SYDNEY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. DORMAN, LONG AND CO., LTD.



WITH A DECK WIDER THAN THE EMBANKMENT AND HIGHER THAN THE NELSON COLUMN: SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE, THE TWO HALVES OF WHOSE ARCH—THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD—WERE RECENTLY JOINED.

The great new single-span bridge now being erected over the harbour at Sydney, New South Wales, provides Australia with the largest of its kind in the world. On August 19 the two halves of the mighty arch, which had been brought within a few feet of each other, were closed, and Mr. Lawrence Ennis, the director of the work, stated: "We have now satisfied ourselves that the two arms are securely fastened on the central pin and in perfect alignment." The bridge, which has a span of 1650 ft., is to carry a large volume of traffic, therefore the deck, 170 ft. above high water, is exceptionally wide—far wider than the Victoria Embankment in London. The arch was built out from both shores simultaneously, each half being anchored to solid rock and concrete by 128 steel cables. It was

arranged to remove the cables after the arch had been successfully joined, and, just before this operation, to subject them to a total tension of 27,000 tons. The arch alone contains about 37,000 tons of Australian and British steel, and the whole structure, with the approaches and big north and south pylons, will cost over £6,000,000. The work is being carried out by Messrs. Dorman, Long, and Co., Ltd., whilst the detailed designs and erection scheme were prepared by Mr. Ralph Freeman, of Sir Douglas Fox and Partners, and Mr. G. C. Imbault. The architectural features are the work of Sir John Burnet and Partners. Though the closing of the arch was the most important phase of construction, some thousands of tons of material have yet to be placed in position.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"BIRTHDAYS, yes, in a general way"—one can remember, but centenaries and millenaries have a habit of springing up where you least expect them. Besides the bi-millenary of Virgil, we have had, more recently, millenaries of Iceland's Parliament and the town of Barnstaple in Devon. Centenaries, of course, are as common as centuries by Bradman. The latest one I have noticed is that of King's Cross, a place which I pass daily on my lawful occasions, but into whose antiquities I had never hitherto enquired. Now that attention has been drawn to the fact, I have just realised that King's Cross lacks a cross, and I learn that the eponymous structure was erected a century ago to commemorate the reign of George IV. It was sixty feet high, and surmounted by a colossal statue of his Majesty, removed later on to make possible the opening of a public bar inside the monument. The whole affair was demolished in 1845. King's Cross, however, possesses more venerable associations, for tradition claims the spot as the site of several Roman encampments, and Boadicea (or—as the learned now delight to call her—Boudicca) here exhorted her Britons before leading them against the Roman legions under Suetonius.

Talking of our British Amazon, I have just seen that a suburban monument, recording one of her battles at a place very familiar to me—the obelisk on Brockley Hill, near Stanmore—has lately been taken in hand for preservation. The obelisk itself is not very old—about 180 years—but it has an interesting inscription in Latin recording Boudicca's exploits in the neighbourhood. Her campaign finds due place in an excellent book entitled: "THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF MIDDLESEX AND LONDON." By C. E. Vulliamy. With fifty-nine illustrations and two Maps (Methuen; 10s. 6d.)—a volume of the County Archaeologies, under the general editorship of Mr. T. D. Kendrick. This compact and scholarly little work traces the story of our city from Palaeolithic times to the Norman Conquest, and should find its way into every Londoner's library. Boudicca, like many of her posterity, appears to have objected to paying taxes. "In 61," we read, "the revolt of the Iceni under the justly infuriated Boudicca (Boadicea) seriously threatened the Roman power in Britain. . . As a revolt against foreign tax-collectors, the rising had a moral and social impetus which gave it an extremely formidable character. After the final suppression of the revolt by Suetonius, Londinium was a pile of burnt ruins."

London is certainly a very interesting place, and there are many people going about it at this time of the year—Americans, foreigners, and country cousins—who perhaps appreciate its old associations more than does the native Cockney. To such visitors I can recommend, besides Mr. Vulliamy's book, a number of other handy little works of a more easy-going and gossiping character. I have not room to go into detail about them all, but I can say generally that each has its distinctive note, and will well repay perusal. One of them is "LONDON TOWN." By Sidney Dark (formerly Joint Editor of *John o' London's Weekly*). Illustrated (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)—in the series of Kitbag Travel Books. Here the literary side of London's history is very thoroughly explored. The same may be said of an admirable kindred work, which has also an advisory element, entitled, "TOURING LONDON WITH W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE." A Little Book of Friendly Guidance for those Who Visit London and Those Who Dwell in London. With an Introductory Note by the Rt. Hon. John Burns. Illustrated (Batsford; 4s.). It was John Burns, I think, who aptly described the Thames as "liquid history."

To the making of Dickensian topography there is no end, but there will be still a welcome, I think, for "THE LONDON OF DICKENS." By Walter Dexter. With Photographs by the Author (Cecil Palmer; 3s. 6d.). Its literary merits are enhanced by a dainty binding and convenient pocket size. There are London localities that demand books all to themselves, and a noteworthy example is provided in "HYDE PARK." Its History and Romance. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie (*née* Harley). With thirty illustrations and Maps, and two coloured sketches by the author (Besant; 3s. 6d.). The horrors of Tyburn are by no means minimised.

To the home-born Briton, perhaps the most interesting travel books about this country are those by Dominion visitors from overseas, for they possess a freshness of outlook that distinguishes them from the home-grown article. One of the most delightful and amusing examples I have met is a book that takes us all about the British Isles, from London to Edinburgh and from Cornwall to Killarney, and to a host of other places. It is called "WALKS ABROAD." Being the Record of the Experiences of Two Australians in the Wilds of the United Kingdom.

By S. Elliott Napier. Illustrated (Australia: Angus and Robertson, Ltd., Sydney; London: The Australian Book Co.; 7s. 6d.). Curiously enough, an allusion to Barnstaple brings us back to the neighbourhood of King's Cross. On the walk thither from Instow, the author and his companion, always with a keen eye for nature, observed "the miracle of the mayflies' dance" over a little stream. "A wonderful sight!" writes Mr. Napier, "but tragic, too, we found. 'Nature, red in tooth and claw' was at her savage work, and enemies of air and water took their ample toll. The lovely *ephemerida* were swallowed, as we watched, by eager birds; or, falling on the surface of the stream, became the instant prize of trout or grayling. . . . It reminded us of the scenes between the Chrysalis and the Tramp in that strangely moving 'insect play' by the brothers Capek, which we had seen a little while before at the Regent Theatre in London."

Another reference to Barnstaple is typical of the author's breezy humour. "Neither Don nor I," he writes, "are likely to forget that Gay, who wrote of Polly Peachum and Macheath, was educated at its Grammar School. For we were told so many a time and oft. I

me, for in the 'eighties

Stephenson was the school professional at Uppingham, and many a chat I had with "H. H.," as we called him, in the little sports shop that he kept in the High Street. The shop was very small and he was very big, so that he seemed to fill it up, like Alice expanding in the White Rabbit's house.

Reverting to the subject of centenaries, I must mention an interesting royal biography that has just acquired the additional merit of topicality for that reason—"THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH, 1848 to 1916." By Karl Tschuppik. Translated by C. J. S. Sprigge. With an Introduction by R. W. Seton-Watson, D.Litt. Illustrated (Bell; 21s.). I have called it a biography, but the first eighteen years in the life of the Emperor, who was born in 1830, are lightly passed over, and, as the title indicates, the main narrative begins with his accession. The book provides much solid reading of historical value concerning a career of exceptional importance in the history of modern Europe. The chapters dealing with the outbreak of the Great War will naturally appeal most to British readers of the present day.

In estimating the Emperor's share of responsibility, and his mentality as a ruler, the author writes: "Conrad, in his Memoirs, strongly opposes the view that the Emperor Francis Joseph had been a 'shadowy figure, an old man without a will of his own,' in these decisive days, or that he had 'been dragged unawares into the decision to make war.' Conrad says it was not so, and Conrad is right. Francis Joseph had not at first desired or planned to settle accounts with Serbia by way of war. This is proved by historical evidence. Yet, after many hours of doubt and anxiety, he had finally agreed to the war project. . . . At the time when the war plan first took shape, Francis Joseph appears as the coolest judge of the risk in the circle of his advisers. But he still showed in these last years one of his early traits. He treated the great Empire as his domestic property, the State as his family domain, and he based his decisions on considerations of private morality."

Discussing the greatest tragedy in the Emperor's tragic life—his son's suicide—the author says: "It is pure fancy . . . that there were other reasons for Rudolph's death besides the drama at Mayerling. Rudolph's biographer, Oskar Mitis, also indulges in this senseless talk." Obviously, therefore, some diversion is to be derived from comparing Karl Tschuppik's work with "THE LIFE OF THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG." With Letters and Documents Found amongst his Effects. By Baron von Mitis. Translated from the German by M. H. Jerome and Eileen O'Connor. Illustrated (Skeffington; 21s.). "The complete truth about Rudolph's death," the Baron concludes, "remains first and last an enigma." Much is known about the "how," but opinions differ as to the "why," and it seems that important evidence has either disappeared or has been withheld. The Baron's book remains extremely interesting.

Further light on the European scene—pre-war and post-war—and, incidentally, on the life of Francis Joseph, is cast by several other important works which call for fuller notice later. Meanwhile, I can merely enumerate them—"LETTERS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW." German Imperial Chancellor, 1903-9. Translated, and with a Preface, by Frederic Whyte. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 24s.); "THE BIOGRAPHY OF PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG." By A. M. K. Watson. Illustrated (Albert E. Marriott; 10s. 6d.); "HINDENBURG." The Man and the Legend. By Margaret Goldsmith and Frederick Voigt. Illustrated (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.); "FRAGMENTS OF A POLITICAL DIARY." By Joseph M. Baernreither (the Austrian statesman). Edited and Introduced by Joseph Redlich. With Portrait (Macmillan; 10s.); and "THE TRAGIC EMPRESS." Life and Exile of the Empress Eugénie of France. By the Comtesse des Garets (Maid of Honour). Edited by her daughter, Marie-Louyse des Garets. Translated by Hélène Graeme. Illustrated (Skeffington; 21s.).

Finally, here are two very attractive travel-books—"SO YOU'RE GOING TO GERMANY AND AUSTRIA." By Clara E. Laughlin. Illustrated (Methuen; 10s. 6d.); and "BLUE RHINE—BLACK FOREST." A Hand- and Day-Book. By Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated (Harrap; 7s. 6d.). There should be some interesting centenaries in the years 2014, 2018, and 2030—this last the period of Lord Birkenhead's recent work of prophecy.—C. E. B.



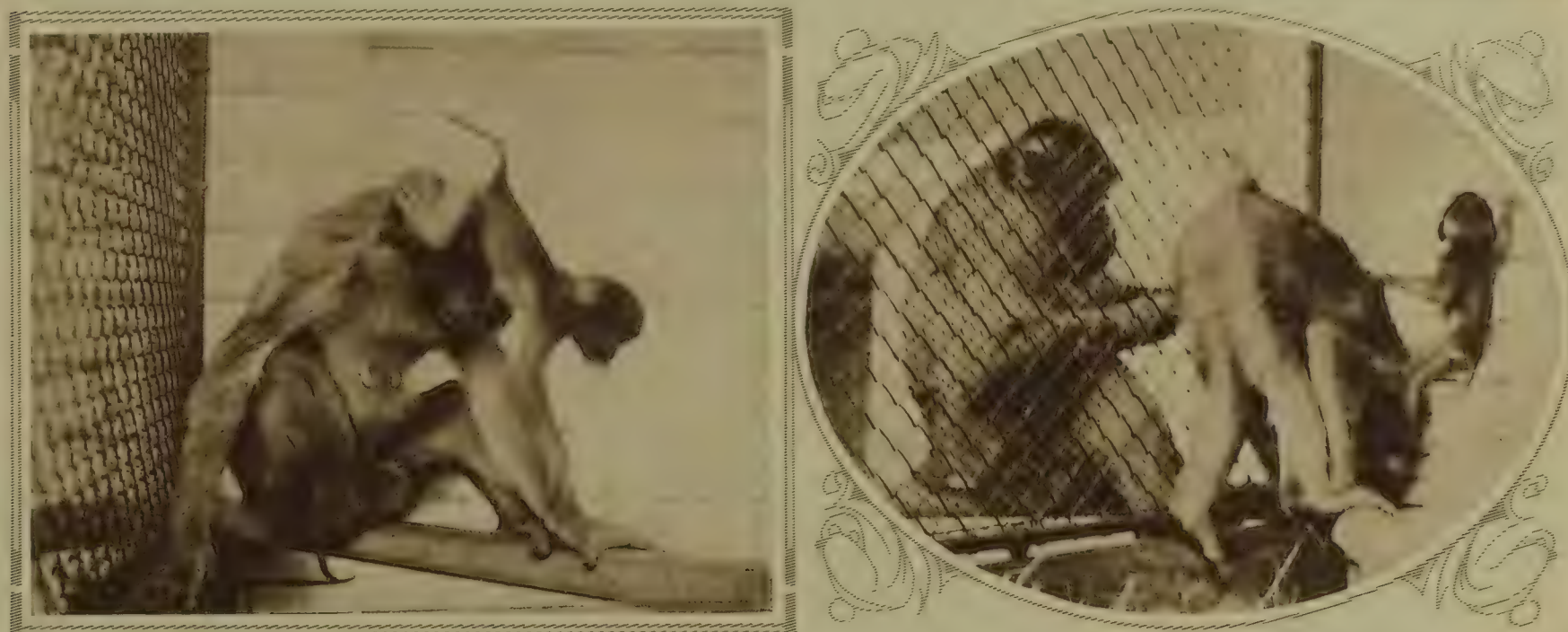
MOTHERHOOD AMONG THE MONKEYS: AN ORANG UTAN NURSING HER BABY IN THE PHILADELPHIA "ZOO"—FOR COMPARISON WITH LONDON PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

It is interesting to compare this photograph with those on the opposite page illustrating the gambols of a Pigtailed monkey and her little one in the London "Zoo." In sending us the above, an American correspondent writes (on July 22): "The baby orang utan was born in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia two weeks ago. Both mother and baby are doing nicely. This is the third orang utan born in captivity, one having been born in the 'Zoo' at Nuremberg, Germany, and one in Philadelphia, the son of this same mother. The other little fellow lived about one year. This specimen is very healthy."

don't know that it's anything to boast of, anyway. I saw a letter of his in the British Museum, and I certainly should not care to recommend him for a vacant clerkship, however humble, on the strength of his handwriting. And his spelling was worse. It beats me how these fellows get a reputation at all—and especially as men of 'letters.' Influence, I suppose."

Within the last few weeks the word Australia has been practically synonymous with cricket, and with the last-named book may appropriately be bracketed the reminiscences of a famous Australian player that cover twenty years of Test Matches, namely, "MY CRICKETING DAYS." By C. G. Macartney. Illustrated (Heinemann; 6s.). Not only for his own personal story, but for his recollections of so many other cricket celebrities and historic occasions connected with the grand old game, Mr. Macartney's book has an intense interest for its devotees at the present time. His grandfather, George Moore, played against H. H. Stephenson's team in Australia in 1861-62. This has personal associations for

STUDIES IN MATERNAL SOLICITUDE: A NEW ATTRACTION AT THE "ZOO."



SIMIAN MOTHERHOOD AND BABYHOOD: POLLY, THE PIG-TAILED MONKEY, WITH HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, PEGGY; AND THE BABY'S FATHER IN AN ADJOINING CAGE.

The great attraction in the Monkey House at the London "Zoo" just now is the new baby of the Pig-tailed Monkey (*Macacus nemestrinus*) from Malaya, born about three months ago, and known by the name of Peggy. Visitors are never tired of watching the little creature's lively antics and the patient maternal solicitude of her mother, Polly, who follows the baby's every movement and is ever on the alert to prevent her from hurting herself. Peggy has all the restlessness of a human child of two or three, and is forever crawling along the perch or climbing

over her mother's back. The baby's father is not allowed to take part in these proceedings, but observes them intently through the wires of an adjoining cage, as shown in the right-hand photograph of the middle row. "The old males (says the "Royal Natural History") are exceedingly fierce and vicious." The species occurs in Borneo and Sumatra. Peggy, it may be mentioned, is Polly's second child, and the first one is still living in the "Zoo." It is interesting to compare these photographs with another example of simian motherhood illustrated opposite.

"THERE IS NOTHING, O LOTUS-FACED GODDESS, BEYOND THE BREATH."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"BENGAL LANCER": By F. YEATS-BROWN.*

(PUBLISHED BY GOLLANCZ.)

MAJOR YEATS-BROWN is one of those fortunate and comparatively rare human beings whose natures are equally well adapted for action and for contemplation. But he tends to segregate them, to pursue each as an end in itself, except in so far as it provides him with a means of escape from the tyranny of self-consciousness.

He was educated at Harrow and Sandhurst. The man of action in him demanded a profession which should contain the maximum of action, and the Army was an obvious choice. He joined the King's Royal Rifles in 1904, and was almost immediately gazetted to a cavalry regiment in India.

In the first part of the autobiography, which concerns his life in India, we see him almost exclusively as the man of action, keen on his job, delighting in dogs and horses, pig-sticking and polo, leading the traditional life of a subaltern and only just beginning to feel the attraction of the Hindu religion and the Aryan path. The chapters on polo and pig-sticking are tremendously exciting; they show Major Yeats-Brown's rapid, nervous, vivid style at its best: "This time Crediton (his pony) and I overtake the back so that he misses his return. With a clean crack Billy drives the ball forward, past us, towards goal. There is a thunder and a crying. The back and I are neck and neck. He is a big man, but his pony is out of hand, snatching at the bridle. Crediton leans on him, jerking his wise old head. My knee is behind my opponent's. His grip is loosening and I am forcing him off his saddle."

One finds the same ability to describe rapid movement and physical danger in his account of a boar-hunt: "But as soon as he sees that he is being pursued, down goes his head and up his heels, with a spurt of dust behind them. He is making for Khaitola, a *bagh* some two miles away. If he keeps to that line I shall certainly kill him, for it is open going and The Devil can overtake even a young boar within a mile. This one is fat, and obviously short in wind and temper."

"He begins to tire, and sits down so suddenly that I can't stop. As I pass, reining hard, I see his little bloodshot eyes with the hate of the world in them, and his lips' wicked lines, snarling back from a pair of remarkably fine tusks. He is up again by the time I have turned The Devil, and is making for some road-menders' pits near the river. It is foul going here; he stumbles and rips at the earth that tripped him."

"Then he sees a tethered goat, and disembowels it in his rage. Just with a flick of his neck as he gallops by! 'The goat is done for. I must stop. Poor goat—what a fate, what a mess! A thrust to the heart, and it is out of its pain."

"That has lost me several lengths, but now the boar is loitering again. He is one of the red, truculent sort for which Bareilly is famous, who would sooner fight than run. As we draw up he stops, about turns, charges. It all happens so invisibly-quick that I can hardly put my spear down. We meet at eighty miles an hour, and my spear-point strikes the top of his skull, grazing down his shoulder. There is a jar, a scuffle. I turn The Devil with an oath and an unkind hand on the bit. . . ."

This is one aspect of Major Yeats-Brown; the soldier and sportsman, impatient of the smallest infringement of military discipline, ready to give and receive hard knocks, severe on the incompetent, a man with little of the humanitarian in his composition, but ready to recognise courage wherever he finds it. And it is the same man that we afterwards accompany to France, where he served during the first six months of the war as a cavalry officer; the same man whom, transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, we follow to Mesopotamia, where he was mentioned in despatches and awarded the D.F.C. for intercepting Turkish communications; the same man whose two-and-a-half years' imprisonment in Mosul we share, as we share the excitement of his flight and the cruel disappointment of his second imprisonment.

"How I was condemned first to an underground dungeon with criminals (the forged passport had been found in my pocket) and afterwards to solitary confinement; how I stole a knife and fork from the prison restaurant and fused switches with them; how I made friends with a nephew of the Sultan, a prisoner like myself, who had been sentenced to a month's detention for blowing out the brains of his tutor; how this youth had a small black eunuch who used to bring me grapes and French novels; how Robin and I escaped again; and how, a fortnight before the Armistice was declared, we stole General Liman

von Sanders' own motor-car (a Mercédès, which we hid in the backyard of the house we were occupying, and guarded with a performing bear), all sounds so improbable that I shall not write it down in detail."

Major Yeats-Brown enjoyed a brief period of convalescence in London; then he was sent to take part in another war, this time on the "arid uplands of the North-West Frontier." On his return from Waziristan he met with a polo accident, and incurred a slight concussion, during which he did and said things (according to his friends) which his conscious memory could never afterwards trace. And this makes a convenient point for leaving the soldier and turning to the mystic, intensely anxious to know what had "happened" to the experiences of those lost minutes. But only apparently lost, for: "Nothing dies, not even the Present. Time is a tricky thing; and its sister, Space, preserves our voices and our gestures for all eternity. It is simply a matter of the point of view we take. Somewhere in space, I am still in that awkward position on the turf of a Lucknow polo-ground."

Major Yeats-Brown's interest in Hinduism and Yoga began soon after his arrival in India, but did not immediately lead to systematic study. He had the gift of winning the confidence of the Indians, but even so, the *gurus* to whom he went for instruction were reluctant to impart it—not only because he was a European, but because the Hindus do not regard the dissemination of knowledge as being necessarily a benefit.

Major Yeats-Brown gives several instances of the extraordinary powers exercised by the natives over animate and even inanimate flesh. The Tantrik *saddhu's* "magic

Yet it was the death of a hare "that awakened in me the ache for 'ahimsa' (non-violence towards all created things)." And an incident connected with a sacred bull carried him still further on the same road. He had tried to ride it, rodeo-fashion, though without meaning to do it harm. It tossed him "sky-high," and his beloved bull-dog, Brownstone, glad of the chance of fulfilling its instinct, seized the sacred animal by the throat. Major Yeats-Brown dragged it off, but had to pay, by way of compensation, a contribution to the Sick Animals' Dispensary. He had a conversation with the Hindu plaintiff and said he wanted to learn about Yoga. The Brahmin put forward obstacles. "In India," he said, "we live in invisible cages"—referring to the caste system which made it impossible for the same man to be at once a Yogi and a soldier. Moreover, he warned Major Yeats-Brown, "Yoga is not a medicine to take at a gulp. Nor is it a dogma. It is a set of exercises. You begin at the beginning and go on steadily, for until the first exercise is mastered the second cannot be understood." When Major Yeats-Brown said he wanted to learn of the beauty of Indian religions, the Brahmin bade him beware. "But," he said, "if you are serious I will tell you the first step in Yoga. It consists in the cultivation of the qualities of forbearance towards all life created, courage, secrecy, concentration, faith, honesty, self-control, cleanliness, cheerfulness, perseverance, and purity. And humility," he added, as if it was an afterthought. "Humility is indeed very necessary. Some of the *gurus* make their disciples sweep out the latrines of the untouchables with their hair."

And this was only the first step in Yoga! But Major Yeats-Brown was not dismayed. During the remainder of his stay in India, before the Great War called him to Europe, he made no great headway in it; but after the war he returned on special duty and travelled the length and breadth of the country, seeing religious ceremonies that few Europeans ever see, and being treated as an initiate by many holy men. At Tughlakabad he saw the well-jumpers of the Moghul court still plying their hereditary trade, a seemingly perilous one, for "the shaft was eighty feet deep and only eight feet wide, so that if the jumpers had taken off with only the slightest outward impetus they would have hit the sides and killed themselves. The only way to reach the bottom in safety was to step off as if going down a stair, and this the old men did."



THE AUTHOR OF "BENGAL LANCER":
MAJOR F. YEATS-BROWN.



THE KING AND QUEEN IN SCOTLAND: THEIR MAJESTIES DRIVING FROM BALMORAL CASTLE TO CRATHIE PARISH CHURCH TO ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE.

of the left-hand path" did not avail to revive the man who had died of snake-bite; and Major Yeats-Brown's servant was reluctant that it should succeed, "for," he said, "I shall have to pay money to the Brahmins if he brings the spirit back." But, playing his noiseless pipe, he did succeed in charming out, from the Major's bathroom, the "Great One," the hamadryad, or king-cobra, who had killed the man. And he boasted that he and his forbears could perform still greater miracles. "My grandfather was waxed all over and buried alive for forty-three days. I can swallow five different coloured handkerchiefs and vomit them up in any order you wish, and I can lift a cannon-ball with my eyelids."

The cobra was not the first member of the brute creation to help to turn Major Yeats-Brown's footsteps towards the sages of Benares. As we have seen, hunting came naturally to him, and he had caused the deaths of many wild animals.

The oldest well-jumper, aged ninety-nine, bewailed the fact that the Government had prohibited well-jumping as dangerous, and substituted education for their ancient craft.

There is a splendid description of the procession of the Car of Juggernaut—one of the finest set-pieces in the book. But for those interested in Oriental religions the most absorbing pages will be those in which Major Yeats-Brown converses with those who practise Yoga, and learns from their lips some of its principles, its system of training the mind through the senses, of controlling the breathing and the digestion. "Bliss," he was told, "really begins with the bowels." "Bengal Lancer" is an enchanting book, with a special appeal for many different kinds of readers; the mystical passages may occasion disagreement, but the descriptions and the narrative can only awake admiration, and a lively feeling of friendliness for the gifted author.

L. P. H.

Saved from the Grime of Centuries: Fine 15th-Century Work.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE REV. A. T. WOODMAN DOWDING, VICAR OF SOUTHWOLD.



"AT LEAST THE SECOND FINEST IN ENGLAND": THE 15TH-CENTURY SCREEN REVEALED IN SOUTHWOLD CHURCH:
THE PANELS THAT HAVE BEEN CLEANED—EXQUISITE WORKMANSHIP, RICH PATTERNING, AND GESSO RELIEF.

A workman engaged in taking down some damaged parts of the screen arches in Southwold Church, Suffolk, experimented in removing the dirt from the wood, and thus came to reveal fifteenth-century golds, reds, purples, and greens, perfect in condition and extraordinarily fresh. Then Professor E. W. Tristram, of the South Kensington Museum, undertook the work of cleaning the screen, which he has described as at least the second finest in England. He had recently been engaged on similar work at Westminster Abbey and Winchester Cathedral. It is believed that there is only one other screen which has the blue cornflower down the sides

—a fact which fixes its date, since the period during which the flower was introduced into England from Cyprus is known exactly. The four of the thirty-six panels cleaned by Professor Tristram, and illustrated above, show the full beauty of the original colouring, and particularly the "extraordinary delicacy and exquisite workmanship of the richly embroidered draperies and vestments of the saints portrayed, the rich patterning of every available space, and the fine worked gesso relief." The task of renovation is an expensive one for a small parish to undertake, and the Rev. Woodman Dowding appeals for assistance in the preservation of a rare work of art.

Life before the Mast, by an Artist who has Lived it: New Sea Pictures by Briscoe—an Epic of Sail.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY ARTHUR BRISCOE, A.R.E., INCLUDED IN HIS EXHIBITION THIS YEAR AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES IN NEW BOND STREET.



"SILENCE": AN OIL PAINTING BY AN ARTIST WHO SEEKS HIS SUBJECTS "IN THE RIGGING OF A SHIP AT SEA."



"GETTING THE ANCHOR OVER THE SIDE": AN OIL PAINTING BY "A PRACTICAL SAILOR" WHO HAS DONE SUCH WORK HIMSELF.



"FURLING THE MAINSAIL": AN OIL PAINTING BY AN ARTIST WHO TAKES UP "PRECARIOUS POSITIONS ON THE YARDS."



"FROM THE MAIN YARD": A WATER-COLOUR BY AN ARTIST WELL-VERSED IN THE SEAFARING LIFE THAT HE DEPICTS.

Mr. Arthur Briscoe, whose well-known pictures and etchings have often been represented in our pages, holds a distinctive position among marine painters as having done most of his work during actual voyages. "Few artists (to quote the catalogue of his last exhibition) trespass on his preserves, nor are there many who make their studies in such precarious positions as on the yards or in the rigging of a ship at sea. . . . These pictures are records of

an epic which is fast closing—the great days of sail. . . . Arthur Briscoe is a practical sailor who knows what he paints as only those who have been at sea can. . . . His pictures are full of action and movement, the creaking and groaning of the blocks and gear, the crash of breaking seas, the roar of wind, and indomitable man fighting for his ship and his life."



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A PRELUDE TO THE PERSIAN ART EXHIBITION: ARCHITECTURE.

SOME ASPECTS OF PERSIAN MOSQUES.

By ARTHUR UPHAM POPE, Adviser in Art to the Persian Government, a Director of the International Exhibition of Persian Art, etc.

In view of the fact that there is to be a great International Exhibition of Persian Art at the Royal Academy in January and February of next year, an Exhibition which will, at least, rival, and may surpass, those devoted to the Dutch, the Belgian, and the Italian Masters, we begin this week the publication of a series of illustrated articles which will act as a Prelude to the enterprise in question, and will certainly add to the knowledge of many of those who will, in due time, be drawn to Burlington House. Mr. Arthur Upham Pope, the author, who is a Director of the Exhibition, an honour he shares with Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., is Adviser in Art to the Persian Government, Adviser in Persian Art to the Pennsylvania Museum, and Advisory Curator of Near-Eastern Art in the Art Institute of Chicago, and he has in preparation a Survey of Persian Art.

MORE and more the evidence points to Persia as one of the places where modern civilisation originated. In three brief but weighty articles a year ago in *The Illustrated London News*, Professor Herzfeld advanced impressive reasons for according to Persia both the æsthetic and the temporal priority over Mesopotamia in the matter of artistic pottery as well as bronze. Mr. Leonard Woolley, in his book "Ur of the Chaldees," shows conclusively that the Sumerian civilisation, the oldest that we have so far found and studied, was derived from a mountainous country to the east, where it not only originated, but was matured, being brought to Lower Mesopotamia complete, as the Sumerians themselves said. The significant findings of Sir John Marshall in the Indus Valley, first cousins of the work of Kish and Ur, also further substantiate the hypothesis of an Iranian origin. Additional and more specific evidence has been brought to light by Professor Rostovtzeff of Yale, who found a remarkable article appearing in the British journal "Archæologica" in 1841, written by the Russian Count Cornelius de Bode, who saw and described a group of gold and bronze objects and pottery, the former with incised figures, clearly Sumerian, which had been dug up at Asterabad, on the southern shore of the Caspian Sea, by some natives, a few years before. In view of the other evidence pointing to the Persian region as either the source of the Sumerian civilisation or a place of transit, it is entirely reasonable to think of the Asterabad finds as the antecedents of the material found at Kish and in the Indus Valley. A search is now being made in Persia for these objects, and it is not impossible that the pieces may be found and sent to London for the great Exhibition of Persian Art at the Royal Academy next January.

If Persia was, as now seems probable, the source of the Sumerian civilisation, she was by the same token one of the principal sources of the modern European civilisation, for this derives from Mesopotamian, Egyptian, Cretan, and Greek cultures, and these in turn were in many important respects developments of Sumerian achievements.

But the initiating impulse is only one of the creative factors in the history of culture, and the significant thing about Persia is that it has continued since, perhaps, the third or fourth millennium B.C. to issue material and inspiration that have contributed as formative influences at recurrent intervals. The contacts opened by Alexander, in addition to carrying Greek civilisation into the heart of Asia, emphasised and enlarged the already well-established Oriental elements in Western culture, and Alexander died the ruler of a Perso-Hellenic Empire. As the Roman Empire drew to its close, it was Mithraism and Manicheism, two Persian religions, that were such serious rivals to Christianity. Many of the Byzantine arts, particularly the textiles, and, in certain periods, the pottery, were hardly more than reproductions of Persian models, and, before Byzantium passed into the final shadow, Persia was, by various other routes—through Russia to Scandinavia, through Syria, Palestine, Egypt and Sicily, through North Africa and Spain—again stimulating by its art, literature, and science the emerging mind of Europe. Signor Monneret de Villard is publishing a series of important studies showing how the architectural and decorative forms of Sasanian Persia (224-641) contributed to the formation of European architecture, and how the Gothic style in particular owes much of its use of arch and vault to Sasanian and Saljuq models in Persia, transmitted through Syria, Palestine, and Egypt.

The most important architectural monuments in Persia, save for early ruins, are mosques, but only a few ruined ones have been studied; for the mosque, following the ancient Persian tradition of the holy place, is held as especially sacrosanct, and to be defended against any entry by the unfaithful. The Shah of Persia, however, appreciating the importance for the history of art of these great monuments, has now made possible a photographic survey, of which a few examples are herewith published. Others will be published in the forthcoming Survey of

Persian Art, and many will be shown at the Persian Exhibition at Burlington House next winter.

Persian architecture is important not only because of its essential contributions to European architecture, but also because of its own intrinsic interest and beauty. That of the ninth to the eleventh century, with the great vaults, piers, and domes, has æsthetically much in common with the Romanesque and Gothic architecture of Europe. The large dome chamber in the old Congregational Mosque in Isfahan, both in spirit and in form, especially its majestic piers (Fig. 2), seems almost as if built in France in the Romanesque period, and the smaller dome chamber presents a development of the pointed arch with tracery applied on the piers that is surprisingly Gothic.

The differences, however, in the development of the

These incrustations take several forms. On the earliest buildings there were engaged columns and arcades which broke up the bare surfaces somewhat in the Gothic manner, though far simpler and more regular. Plainer walls were covered with mural paintings. As early as Sasanian times, extremely elaborate and original stucco decorations were used, often with figural subjects, or sometimes with ornamental panels, geometrical or conventional floral, or the two combined, both relieved by inscriptions that have the force and dignity of a Bach fugue. Colour was an essential factor, much of this beautiful stucco having been tinted. An example of this stucco technique is the exquisite column of the Mosque of Nayin (Fig. 4), built in the tenth century.

But beginning probably about the twelfth century, the buildings were encased in enamelled tiles, lustrous and glistening, of breath-taking beauty. The most beautiful of these are mosaic faience. Tiles of single colours, each fired at the exact temperature necessary to secure the most intense tones, are, by a complicated process, cut up into small shaped units which are reassembled into most intricate patterns. Each individual tone glows and fluctuates, and the final result is of overwhelming brilliance, the surface glittering more intensely than if covered with crushed jewels. The basic colours are nearly always the same: a deep and intense cobalt of varying shades; an exceptionally pure turquoise; an emerald green shading to a very light green; a seal brown shading to fawn and café-au-lait; milk-white and velvety black. These colours may be mingled in different proportions to give varying effects, but they are the set palette. The entrance to the Masjid Ali (Fig. 1) is a good example of this technique, which is the characteristic adornment of most of the finest mosques of Persia, particularly of Isfahan.

An almost as beautiful effect, nearly indistinguishable at a distance, but much less expensive, was obtained by using tiles on which the design was painted with glazes before firing, seven colours being possible on a single tile. The painted tiles have not the dazzling glitter of the mosaic faience, but they are still very handsome, and the slightly duller glow gives a mysterious depth that has its own beauty. In these gorgeous incrustations the architects of Persia have never been challenged.

But a rich and intricate surface ornament is not the essential character of Persian architecture. The Persian sense for scale and grandeur, for simplicity and clarity in the major forms, is worthy of the highest praise, while the Persian developments of arch, vault, and dome architecture rank with the finest. Indeed, most of the world's greatest vaults are the work of Persian craftsmen. The brick vault of the famous Winter Palace of Chosroes, the Tag-i-Kesra at Ctesiphon, built in the fourth century, 101 feet high and 76 feet across, could comfortably encompass most of the largest vaults of Europe; and the Palace of Ardashir, discovered by Professor Herzfeld, built in the third century, has a masonry vault 100 feet high and 55 feet across. These great arches and vaults continued down to Muhammadan times. The half-vaults that form the great portals are sustained by an intricate system of interlocking ribs which support the domical apex, as in the entrance of the Masjid Ali (Fig. 1), which is only one of hundreds of examples.

Persia, if not the home of the pointed arch, as it may well be, was certainly the country where it had the fullest development and most complete use. In European architecture

the pointed arch lasted for only a short time, and it is employed now largely out of sentimental affection for the ecclesiastical tradition. But in Persia the pointed arch is still the almost universal unit of construction. Palace and stable, mosque and city gate, caravanserai and hovel, all stand upon pointed arches. In the great Saljuq dome chamber of the Masjid Jami of Isfahan, the congregational mosque which corresponds approximately to the Cathedral, there are long intersecting vistas of these arches, and the arches and vaults adjoining this chamber, probably built in 1085, are of superb height, width, and curvature (Fig. 6). Here, well into the heart of Asia, are pointed arches and vaults used structurally on a great scale, long before they were much beyond a curiosity in the Western world.

Sometimes the developments of these arches and vaults create chapel-like effects that are very reminiscent of European Gothic, such as the little sanctuary in the Masjid Jami, built by Shah Ismail at the beginning of the sixteenth century (Fig. 5).

In all these mosques, even down to the eighteenth century, the pointed arch is the unit of construction, and it is used with surprisingly imaginative variations; sometimes colossal portals, sometimes charming intimate recesses, but always combined with a clear and forceful logic, with a superb simplicity of plan and of fundamental forms which are never concealed or frustrated by the virtuosity of the ornament. Persian architecture, of which so little has been known, promises to be awarded a place among the supreme achievements of the builder's art.



1. ARCHITECTURE OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ISFAHAN: THE ENTRANCE TO THE MASJID ALI (MOSQUE OF ALI).

"Beginning probably about the twelfth century, the buildings were encased in enamelled tiles, lustrous and glistening, of breath-taking beauty. The most beautiful of these are mosaic faience. . . . The entrance to the Masjid Ali is a good example of this technique, which is the characteristic adornment of most of the finest mosques of Persia, particularly of Isfahan. . . . The half-vaults that form the great portals are sustained by an intricate system of interlocking ribs which support the domical apex, as in the entrance of the Masjid Ali."

Persian style and the European are quite as important as the similarities. Architects of both regions began at an early date to ornament the simple structural forms. Because the Europeans had no mastery of the arts of colour, save for stained glass, their enrichment consisted of plastic surfaces, light and shade and decorative sculpture, and an almost excessive use of architectural detail. The very inventory of these enrichments is formidable: exciting pinnacles, leaping buttresses, belfries, spires, sudden gargoyles, balustrades, projecting gutters, hidden recesses, taut tracery flung far up from multiple shafts like rockets shooting up through dim vaults; the whole a veritable storm in stone. All this encyclopædia of ornamental details tended to conceal the essential forms. Even the most enthusiastic proponents of Gothic architecture have found the designs sometimes confused and the principle of visible support occasionally violated.

The Persians, on the other hand, working with the old tradition of surface incrustation, developed a degree of richness, especially in intense and intricate colour, that has never been approached elsewhere, but they kept their main forms simple and dominant; so, however gorgeous the investiture is, the structure is never diminished or obscured. A large mass of stalactites at the top of a hemispherical vault, or beautiful double or triple cable mouldings terminating in huge vases of mellow golden alabaster, are so engaged with the structural forces, and are so completely subordinated to them, that they emphasise rather than compete with, or conceal, the elements.

A PRELUDE TO THE PERSIAN ART EXHIBITION: MOSQUE ARCHITECTURE.

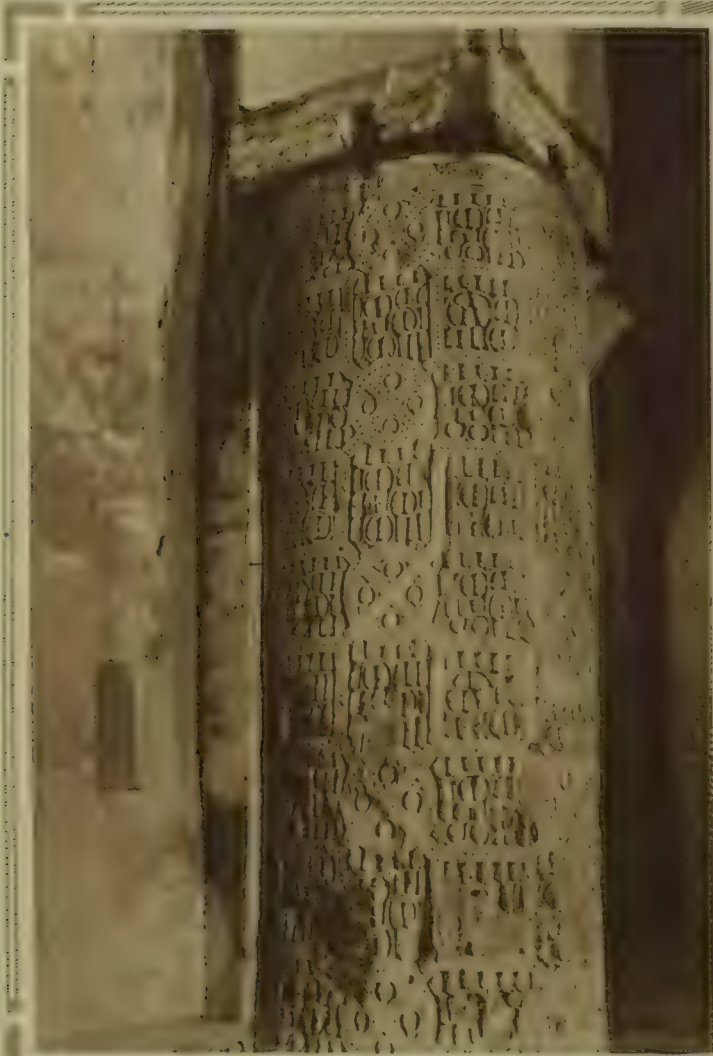
(SEE ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON PRECEDING PAGE.)



2. WORK OF THE LATTER PART OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY: THE DOME CHAMBER OF MALEK SHAH IN THE MASJID JAMI, ISFAHAN, WHICH SEEMS AS IF BUILT IN FRANCE IN THE ROMANESQUE PERIOD.



3. WORK OF THE LATTER PART OF THE 11TH CENTURY: ARCHES IN THE MASJID JAMI, ISFAHAN—USED ON A GREAT SCALE WHEN THEY WERE A CURIOSITY IN THE WESTERN WORLD.



4. PROBABLY TENTH CENTURY: A COLUMN IN THE MOSQUE OF NAVIN; SHOWING STUCCO TECHNIQUE, A TYPE OF SURFACE ENRICHMENT IN WHICH THE PERSIANS HAVE EXCELLED FOR 1500 YEARS.

5. WORK OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A SMALL SANCTUARY IN THE MASJID JAMI, ISFAHAN, WHICH WAS BUILT BY SHAH ISMAIL AND IS VERY REMINISCENT OF EUROPEAN GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.



The following notes concern the illustrations on this page. 2. "The large dome chamber in the old Congregational Mosque in Isfahan," both in spirit and in form, especially its majestic piers, seems almost as if built in France in the Romanesque period." 3. "In the great Saljuq dome chamber of the Masjid Jami . . . there are long intersecting vistas of these arches, and the arches and vaults adjoining this chamber, probably built in 1085, are of superb height, width, and

curvature. Here, well in the heart of Asia, are pointed arches and vaults used structurally on a great scale, long before they were much beyond a curiosity in the Western world. Sometimes the developments of these arches and vaults create chapel-like effects that are very reminiscent of European Gothic, such as the little sanctuary in the Masjid Jami (5)." 4. "As early as Sasanian times, extremely elaborate and original stucco decorations were used."

A PRELUDE TO THE PERSIAN ART EXHIBITION: ARCHITECTURE.

(SEE ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON PAGE 369.)



6. DATING FROM THE LATTER PART OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY: AN ARCH AND VAULT IN THE MASJID JĀMI, ISFAHAN, BUILT BY MALEK SHAH.—“MOST OF THE WORLD’S GREATEST VAULTS ARE THE WORK OF PERSIAN CRAFTSMEN.”

A rich and intricate surface ornament is not the essential character of Persian architecture. The Persian sense for scale and grandeur, for simplicity and clarity in the major forms, are worthy of the highest praise, while the Persian developments of arch, vault, and dome architecture rank

with the finest. Indeed, most of the world’s greatest vaults are the work of Persian craftsmen. . . . Persia, if not the home of the pointed arch, as it may well be, was certainly the country where it had the fullest development and most complete use.”

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE NARWHAL.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

OF all the creatures which dwell in the great wide sea, surely there are none more interesting than the whale tribe. They are, indeed, much more than merely "interesting": they are wonderful creatures. In point of size, some, indeed,

are giants; the greatest of all, the great blue whale, or Sibbald's rorqual, of the Antarctic seas—if any still survive the insensate slaughter of the whalers—attains to a length of over 100 feet, and is thus the largest animal which has ever existed; while the smallest is but little more than a yard long.

A living body over 100 feet long is in itself a marvellous thing. But even more marvellous is the theme of the organisation and wonderful adjustments to the requirements of an aquatic life which these creatures display. For herein we have sources of information and inspiration, too long neglected, in regard to the responsiveness of living bodies to stimuli from the external world. No other group of animals shows so well the active play of two diametrically opposed factors—evolution and degeneration going on at one and the same time in the same organ—as, for example, in the forelimb, or "flipper." In the matter of their food, and the means of its capture and digestion, they again display a most curious diversity, and many, so far, inexplicable features.

FIG. 1. A RARITY IN A SPECIES THAT USUALLY DEVELOPS ONLY THE LEFT TUSK: THE SKULL OF A NARWHAL CARRYING TWO TUSKS, THE LONGER, 9 FT. 6 IN. It will be noted that the spiral twist has the same direction in each tusk. In spiral horns, as in the markhor, black-buck, and eland, one shows a right, the other a left-handed twist. A line drawn down the middle of the skull shows more of the blow-hole on the left than on the right-hand side.

A considerable number of species live on the succulent bodies of cuttle-fish. The "beaked whales" appear to subsist entirely on these creatures. Save in the case of the huge sperm whale, these "beaked whales" have toothless jaws, at any rate in so far as the females and young males are concerned. In the old bulls, however, as in Cuvier's whale and the bottle-nosed whale, a great pair of conical teeth project from the tip of the lower jaw; while in Sowerby's whale, and its allies, there are a pair of flattened, triangular teeth one each side of the middle of the lower jaw. In the sperm-whale a formidable row of great conical teeth runs along each side of the lower jaw; while the upper jaw is apparently toothless, until a careful examination of the mouth is made, when vestiges of the upper teeth embedded in the gum are found. But we must not, on this evidence, jump to the conclusion that this loss of teeth has followed the choice of a cuttle-fish diet: for

the rare "False-Killer" (*Pseudorca*) has a perfectly awe-inspiring armature of teeth, yet, apparently, it feeds entirely on cuttle-fish!

For nearly thirty years I have been longing for an opportunity, not merely of seeing "in the flesh," but of dissecting, that singular species, the narwhal. At last that opportunity has come to me: and I want to make the most of it, for I shall never have such a chance again. The moment it was unpacked I turned to the head, eager to find how the strange, twisted tusk, peculiar to this animal, pierced the upper lip: for there are only two other animals in which tusks behave thus. One of these is the elephant; the other, the babiroussa. But yet my curiosity is not satisfied. All that I have seen of this strange phenomenon is that the tusk

seems to have pushed its way through the lip, as one pushes a pin through a piece of paper. I have but seen, in short, the result of this thrust. I have yet to see that thrust in process of being made. Meanwhile, I must assume that the tusk makes its way out much as ordinary teeth "cut the gum" by absorption of the overlying tissue. What is the function of this tooth? As will be seen in one of the photographs (Fig. 1), it has a beautiful spiral twist, due to some factor yet to be discovered. It may project from the mouth as much as 9 ft., or even more! We have been told that it is used as a spear in attacking whales! If ever a narwhal were rash enough to attempt such an assault, he would certainly never make another, for it would be impossible to withdraw such a weapon speedily enough to escape the instant forward rush of the infuriated leviathan, and the "spearman" would get his neck broken in consequence! Others hold that it is used as a fish-spear. But the victim, when impaled, could not be dislodged, so that the poor narwhal would be reduced to the position of the donkey following the proverbial bunch of carrots dangled in front of its nose!

Supposing the spear were used for attacking whales, and successfully, what profit would the slayer derive from his prowess? For, saving the spear, the narwhal hasn't a tooth in his head; and nothing short of the teeth of a killer whale would succeed in tearing up the carcase of a freshly-killed whale. Without doubt, I believe we may regard this animal as another cuttle-fish-eater, for when removing the stomach for further dissection, the beak of a cuttle-fish dropped from the gullet; and the stomach, so far as I could feel through its walls, contained at least a double handful of these beaks. I shall know for certain when "windows" have been cut through its walls.

But once more let me return to the possible use of this tusk. In the specimen which I am now

dissecting (Fig. 3), it is quite short, not more than 14 inches long. But its terminal half was curiously worn, as though one had reduced its girth by rubbing with a piece of sand-paper. This would seem to suggest that it had been used as an ice-breaker, to pierce holes for breathing purposes through a solid sheet of ice; for this animal, it should be remarked, is a dweller in the waters of the Far North. Nevertheless, I find no such traces of wear in tusks ranging up to 9 ft. in length. Again, why is only the left tusk normally developed, the right never cutting the gum? On rare occasions only does one meet with two tusks, as in Fig. 1.

And now a word as to the external appearance of the narwhal. As will be seen in Fig. 3, where it



FIG. 1. A RARITY IN A SPECIES THAT USUALLY DEVELOPS ONLY THE LEFT TUSK: THE SKULL OF A NARWHAL CARRYING TWO TUSKS, THE LONGER, 9 FT. 6 IN. It will be noted that the spiral twist has the same direction in each tusk. In spiral horns, as in the markhor, black-buck, and eland, one shows a right, the other a left-handed twist. A line drawn down the middle of the skull shows more of the blow-hole on the left than on the right-hand side.

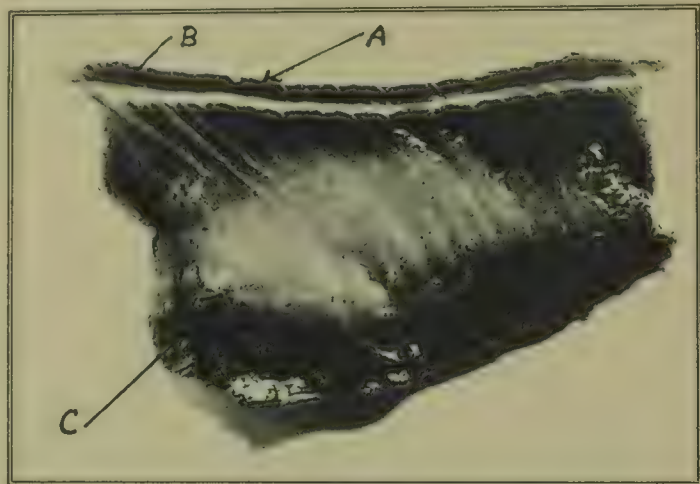


FIG. 2. A MATERIAL PROBABLY USED FOR MAKING BOOT-LACES: A PIECE OF THE HIDE OF A NARWHAL.

The outer layer of the skin, as in the white whale (*Beluga*), is conspicuously thick and tough. Below this is a thin white layer of dermis, and below this a thick mass of "blubber," 2 in. thick. The precisely similar hide of the white whale, or *Beluga*, is used for making "porpoise-hide" boot-laces. The narwhal hide is also said to be used for the same purpose, and this is probably true. The letters indicate—(A) outer layer, used for boot-laces; (B) inner layer; (C) blubber.

is shown suspended for the purpose of taking a cast, there is no dorsal fin: from which we may gather that the movements of the animal are leisurely. The small size of the "flipper," or fore-leg, bears out this deduction. The skin, of a slate-grey colour, was marked by long white scars, such as are found on the sides of many other cuttle-fish-eaters, and caused by scratches from the writhing arms of their protesting victims.

The section through the hide (Fig. 2) is interesting; for it shows, first, a thick epidermal layer, very dense and hard to cut, and immediately below, a thin white layer of dermis. Below this are two inches of "blubber." Only in the white whale (*Beluga*) have I found a hide of this description. In all other whales no more than an excessively thin epidermal layer covers the blubber. This fact is interesting, for it is the *beluga* which furnishes the so-called "porpoise-hide" boot-laces. But I more than suspect, now, that the hide of the narwhal is also used for this purpose. Certainly no porpoise would furnish material for such use.

I am now so near the end of my allotted space that I can do no more than draw attention to the curious asymmetry displayed by the skull shown in Fig. 1, in the region of the "blow-hole." If the single-tusked skull of the narwhal were the only cetacean skull known, we should say that this asymmetry was due to the lack of balance on the two sides of the skull, caused by the size and weight of the tusk. But, as a matter of fact, all the "toothed whales," as distinct from the "baleen whales," have an exactly similar asymmetry. And this is more conspicuous in the sperm whale than in any other species.



FIG. 3. THE NARWHAL (*MONODON MONOCEROS*): A SPECIMEN HERE SEEN SUSPENDED FOR THE PURPOSE OF TAKING A CAST.

The tusk in this case was a short one. There is no dorsal fin, and this fact, together with the small size of the flipper (B)—answering to the fore-leg of a land animal—indicates very leisurely movements in the water. The flippers are not used as propellers, but for steering and balancing purposes, the body being driven forward by the up-and-down thrusts of the large tail-flukes. Scars (A) are seen on the body. The blow-hole (E), or nostril, is placed on the top of the head-opening between the eyes (C), and not at the end of the snout, as in land animals. The letter D indicates the mouth.

"THE MOST DIFFICULT COUNTRY IN THE WORLD": ABOUT PESHAWAR.

A PICTORIAL MAP SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER.

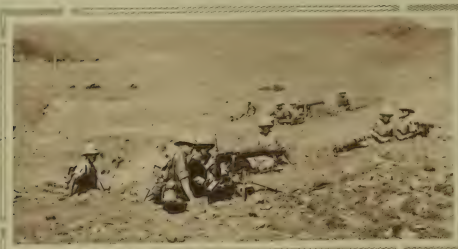


PESHAWAR AND THE TERRAIN THAT FAVOURS RAIDERS: A PICTORIAL MAP ILLUSTRATING THE NATURE OF THE GROUND ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER, WHICH AIDS THE ENEMY AND HANDICAPS OUR FIGHTING FORCES.

A correspondent of the "Times," describing the country on the North-West Frontier of India about Peshawar, the most important frontier city of India and for too long of late a centre of disturbing news, wrote recently: "The hills open upon the plain by a hundred big and little valleys and nullahs; the foothills are honeycombed with caves; and the scrub gives shelter from observation and protection from bombardment. The plain itself is riven with deep watercourses, in which thousands of men can easily conceal themselves. For small parties of bold, clever adventurers to advance during darkness to the villages surrounding

Peshawar is easy, unless every yard of ground is policed—which is not possible. At this time of year the well-watered condition of the plain renders the movements of protective forces difficult, and the rich millet and other crops, several feet high, afford the marauders concealment." A recent communiqué, issued by the Army Department of the Government of India, states that though by August 12 and 13 the Afridis were returning to Tirah in large numbers, their skill in the use of ground, movement by night, and dispersion, denied the opportunity of punishing the raiders for which our troops were looking.

AFTER THE AFRIDIS, THE MAHSUDS: A SCENE OF NEW



A BRITISH REGIMENT ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN WAZIRISTAN: MACHINE-GUNS OF THE 2ND BATTALION, DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY, IN ACTION.



A NATIVE INDIAN REGIMENT ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN WAZIRISTAN: GURKHA MACHINE-GUNNERS IN ACTION AGAINST MAHSUD TRIBESMEN.



A BRITISH REGIMENT OF "OLD CAMPAIGNERS" CAMPAIGNING AGAINST THE MAHSUDS: A PATROL OF DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY RECONNOITRING.



BRITISH ARTILLERY IN ACTION ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: 6-INCH HOWITZERS SHELLING HOSTILE MAHSUD VILLAGES.



INDIAN NATIVE TROOPS SERVING IN WAZIRISTAN: SEPOYS BUILDING A PERIMETER WALL AT LADHA CAMP, WHERE A SETTLEMENT WAS REACHED LAST MONTH WITH SOME OF THE MAHSUD TRIBES.

On the North-West Frontier of India the centre of tribal unrest shifted lately from the Afridi country to Waziristan, south of Peshawar. It was reported on August 25 that a British officer (Capt. F. Ashcroft) and eight men had been killed in a fight with Wazir tribesmen, who lost 26 killed. An Indian Government communiqué of August 20 stated: "Conditions in Peshawar District have greatly improved. The Afridi *lashkar* has, at any rate for the present, dispersed, and the district is reported to be practically clear of hostile tribesmen." On the 23rd a Reuter telegram said: "Latest reports from Waziristan show that the Saifai and Paipali Kabul Khel Waziris in Shawal have succeeded in enlisting the co-operation of Zilli Khel, Taji Khel, and Gangi Khel Waziris of the Birmal *lashkar*. Four thousand are believed to have collected with the object of attacking either the Datta Khel or Wana. Warnings have been issued to all concerned, and aeroplane reconnaissances will be carried out from to-day." The above photographs, which, of course, relate to earlier events, were sent from Razmak, the military headquarters in the Waziristan District, on August 5, and illustrate operations which had then just suppressed

INDIAN FRONTIER FIGHTING—OPERATIONS IN WAZIRISTAN.



TYPICAL OF THE WILD MOUNTAIN COUNTRY IN WHICH OPERATIONS AGAINST HOSTILE MAHSUD TRIBESMEN IN WAZIRISTAN ARE CARRIED OUT: MULE-CARTS CARRYING SUPPLIES FOR THE RAZMAK COLUMN WINDING THEIR WAY THROUGH A CRAG-BOUND GORGE.



NEGOTIATIONS THAT LED TO THE SETTLEMENT WITH THE MAHSUDS A MONTH AGO: BRITISH POLITICAL OFFICERS DISCUSSING TERMS OF THE SURRENDER OF HOSTILE TRIBESMEN IN THE MILITARY CAMP AT LADHA, IN WAZIRISTAN.

disturbances among certain sections of the Mahsuds. Both British and Indian troops were engaged, and the R.A.F. co-operated. The results were mentioned in an Indian Government communiqué reviewing the week ended August 2, three days before the Afridi movement against Peshawar began. That communiqué, it may be recalled, contained the following statement: "In Waziristan the settlement with the various Mahsud sections is proceeding very satisfactorily. The Nazar Khel *jirga* (tribal council) came in to Ladha on July 27, bringing Kundalal with them. A preliminary settlement with the Badinal section has been completed, and negotiations with the remaining sections are continuing. The Nazar Khel have left twenty hostages at Ladha, and other sections have deposited substantial instalments of the rifles demanded from them. The individual hostile leaders, Ramzan Sadde Khan and Parmaral, have accepted the terms offered to them, which include the surrender of Sadde Khan's gun and the deposit of six first-class rifles. The brothers of Khalsor and Kundalal have been left at Ladha as hostages. Incipient trouble with the Jani Khel and Baka Khel Waziris has been checked, and the Bannuchi Mullah is reported to have fled from Waziristan."

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

SOME AUTUMN PROGRAMMES.

WITH the end of the open-air holiday season in sight, some forecast of the film fare to be offered during the next few months is likely to be of interest to kinema-goers.

Since the beginning of the year the attitude of the public towards talking-films has undergone a scarcely less definite reaction than that which succeeded the original change from silence to sound. Mere noise, however spectacularly accompanied, is no longer acceptable. Screen revue has ceased to be a generally winning card. Talk for the sake of talk has been long since discredited. New standards have been suggested, accepted, and are now demanded by critical judgment freed from the hypnotism of novelty.

As one practical result of this reaction, a radical change in technique has just been announced by one of the biggest American producing companies. Dialogue, in future films from these studios, is only to be used wherever it is essential; sound is to heighten, not to dominate, dramatic effect. More sequences will be based upon the old silent methods of action in pantomime. Scope and mobility of background are to be regarded as more important than grouping and movement arranged and restricted to suit the microphone.

The really significant interest here lies in the implied acknowledgment of the change in public taste rather than in the actual policy, since this has already been adopted by more than one individual producer with marked artistic and popular success. And it is now certain that, if they are to retain the place won with such dramatic suddenness in the world of entertainment, talking and sound films will be obliged to conform to the sharply critical and discriminating standards now expected by their great audiences.

In some quarters directorial opinion has already moved so far as to hold that musical films, now at the ebb tide of their erstwhile popularity, will be altogether abandoned until such time as the wide screen can be put into general use. On this point the conclusions reached by Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld and Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, joint-producers of the film version of "Whoopce," a successful Broadway musical comedy, are illuminating.

Far from believing that the musical film is dead, these two production experts—one of the stage, the other of the screen—have evolved a compromise in method which should give a new lease of life to this form of entertainment, for it apparently abolishes the old and inherently unsatisfactory alliance of stage artificiality with kinematic realism. Gone (and in this type of picture, let us hope for ever) are the great spaces of natural desert, the snow-capped mountain ranges against which highly-trained choruses have hitherto so disconcertingly sung and danced. In their place are artificial suggestions of exterior backgrounds such as would be used on the musical-comedy stage. But, within these limits, full use has been made of the almost unrestricted opportunities for camera shots and angles that relieve the monotony of fixed theatrical sets and convert the whole production into a thing of legitimate and, therefore, entertaining artificiality of the screen. From this point of view at least, "Whoopce" should be one of the most interesting pictures of the coming autumn.

Another musical film, already pre-released, is "The Lady of the Rose"—which Londoners will remember at Daly's—with Vivienne Segal and the English Walter Pidgeon, now running at the Regal; while the lavishly staged and skilfully directed screen revue, "The King of Jazz," is due for immediate presentation.

Any new picture directed by Ernst Lubitsch cannot fail to be of outstanding interest throughout that most cosmopolitan of all worlds, the World of the Kinema. In England his forthcoming "Monte Carlo" is the more eagerly awaited, since Jack Buchanan stars in it, in company with Jeannette MacDonald of "The Love Parade" and "The Vagabond King."

Another Maurice Chevalier film, "The Little Café," is also on its way. In this the opposite of the inimitable and popular Maurice will be Marlene Dietrich, whose performance with Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel" won her instant recognition as one of the most dynamic

and piquant personalities among film actresses all over the world.

Within the next few weeks, too, Londoners at least will be able to see the long-expected "City Lights," the silent picture on which Charlie Chaplin has been at work for over two years. This is the story of a millionaire, a

Dawn Patrol" is promised for a West End première in the near future.

Greta Garbo's second talking picture has just opened for a fortnight's run at the Empire. This is the film of "Romance"—almost a classic of longevity—popularised by Doris Keane, and will doubtless provide an opportunity for interesting comparison not only between the stage and screen versions of the play, but with the first vocal, and hotly criticised, performance of the star, in "Anna Christie."

Ann Harding, the beautiful heroine of "Condemned" and "Paris Bound," will also shortly be seen again in "Holiday," a well-directed and acted satire on the penalties of excessive wealth.

Evelyn Laye's first film, "Lilli," an original story written especially for her, is nearing completion; while Marie Dressler appears in a "straight" part in "The Darkest Star," a drama of mother-love, and George Arliss is said to have contributed another of his brilliant character-studies to "Old English."

Forthcoming presentations from British studios are no less varied than those from America. One of the first of these—probably at two theatres simultaneously—will be "Murder!" already referred

to in this page. "Escape," from the Galsworthy play of the same name, starring Sir Gerald du Maurier and produced by Basil Dean, has already been privately shown.

"The Stronger Sex," with Colin Clive (of "Journey's End," play and film, fame) and Adrienne Allen (who won golden opinions on her performance in "Loose Ends"), has a dramatic background in the coal-fields of the Midlands.

Then there is Anthony Asquith's "Tell England"—based on Ernest Raymond's well-known book—to which the Admiralty lent the assistance of real ships in connection with its scenes depicting the Gallipoli landing; while "The Fourth Wall," again with Basil Dean as producer, but with Robert Loraine in the chief rôle, is well on the way to completion.

At least three popular stage farces are also to be made available to kinema audiences. The first, "A Warm Corner," has been cast, except for one actress, with Leslie Henson and the whole of the laughter-making company from the Princes Theatre. The second is "Compromising Daphne," in which Thomas Bentley directs Jean Colin; the third, "Almost a Honeymoon," with Heather Thatcher and Monty Banks.

Tom Walls, too, has been unusually busy, for he has not only directed, but also played the chief male parts in two of Frederick Lonsdale's scintillating comedies—"Canaries Sometimes Sing" and "On Approval." In both of these Yvonne Arnaud is the leading lady.

Many kinema-goers will recall the delightful performance of Bert Coote in "Greek Street"—a performance that endows the promise of his completed comedy-drama, "Bracelets," with special interest. "French Leave," from Reginald Berkeley's play, is also finished, and will be shown before very long.

Musical films seem to offer less attraction to British than to American producers. Writing from memory, I can only recall as due for presentation in the near future "The Yellow Mask" and "City of Song." This last is a bilingual production from the Wembley studios, now happily rebuilt and equipped, with Jan Kiepura, the Polish operatic tenor, as the star of both the German and English versions, in which he is supported by Brigitte Helm and Betty Stockfield respectively.

Limitation of space, though not of interest, has compelled the restriction of this brief survey of American and British products. Of forthcoming pictures from Continental studios, I hope to give word in a later article. In the meantime, there is a factor common to nearly all the English films referred to which provides food for thought.

The star, though he or she may have had previous film experience, has been drawn originally from stage to screen. It is high time English producers should be able to cast their pictures with personnel entirely screen-trained, and therefore essentially "screen-minded." That they are still obliged to rob Peter of the theatre to pay Paul of the kinema cannot fail to be disquietingly significant to those who can see beyond an individual success of the moment to the future interests and kinematic integrity of British films.



A BARGE TRANSFORMED INTO A BATTLE-SHIP: AN INGENIOUS "SET" FOR A FORTHCOMING NAVAL "TALKIE" FILM.

tramp (played by Chaplin himself), and a blind girl, and has a musical accompaniment composed by the man who is still universally regarded as the greatest actor the screen has ever known.

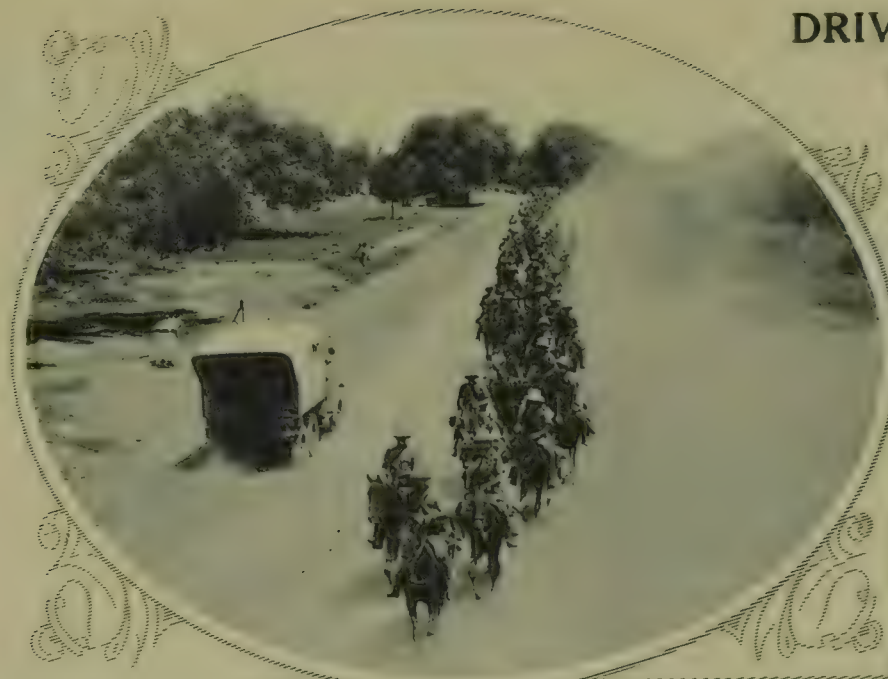
Another old-time favourite too seldom seen in these



INGENUITY IN THE MAKING OF THE FAMOUS FILM OF THE EVEN MORE FAMOUS BOOK, "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT": A CAMERA-MAN AND HIS ASSISTANTS TAKING "CLOSE-UPS" FROM THE END OF A LONG CRANE.

days is Richard Barthelmess. In "The Dawn Patrol," a story centred in the Royal Air Force, he is, for the first time, a hero without a heroine. The film is said to reproduce authentically the conditions of air warfare between the British and German forces in 1915. Some of the 'planes used in it saw actual service on the Western Front at about the period of the story. The appearance of the more modern machines also employed has been altered to conform to that of the older types. "The

DRIVING THE AFRIDIS FROM PESHAWAR: BRITISH TROOPS DEFENDING THE CITY.



BRITISH CAVALRY ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA: A COLUMN OF THE 15/19TH KING'S HUSSARS ADVANCING NEAR PESHAWAR.



TRYING WORK IN THE INTENSE HEAT: A GROUP OF SAPPERS AND MINERS ENGAGED IN DIGGING A MACHINE-GUN EMPLACEMENT.



ARMoured CARS USED IN THE PESHAWAR DISTRICT OPERATIONS: A HALT ON THE KOHAT ROAD—SHOWING MEN OF THE BORDER REGIMENT.



WITH THE BORDER REGIMENT READY FOR ACTION IN THE DIRECTION OF KOHAT: A TRENCH WITH A MACHINE-GUN.



SHOWING A MACHINE-GUN ON THE LEFT: A FRONT VIEW OF A TRENCH OCCUPIED BY THE 2ND BATTALION, THE BORDER REGIMENT.



WITH A MACHINE-GUN MOUNTED ON THE ROOF: A SMALL, LOOP-HOLED WATCH-TOWER OCCUPIED BY BRITISH SOLDIERS.

As noted on our double-page illustrating a later source of trouble on the Indian Frontier (in Waziristan), it was officially stated on August 20 that the Peshawar District had then been practically cleared of Afridi raiders. The above photographs represent the work of British troops who helped to bring about that result. A communiqué of August 21, in reviewing the period from August 5, when the Afridi movement against Peshawar began, to August 13, stated that the enemy's strength was estimated at about 7000. They were hidden in caves and broken ground, and little could be seen of them from the air. "The infiltration of small, very mobile bands of Afridis into the Peshawar Plain, the protection afforded to them there by villagers, and the concealment offered by high crops,

called for a series of military reconnaissances and for continual alertness by all the troops. This imposed a great strain on the Peshawar garrison." Later, an additional infantry brigade was sent to the district, and an armoured train from Lahore. Our troops had a very trying time, working in the intense heat, and seeking an elusive enemy within a wide area ten miles away from the Peshawar cantonments. The enemy's casualties for the period were estimated at about fifty killed and twice that number wounded, while those of our troops were limited to a few incurred by the Poona Horse on August 9. Between August 4 and 16 the Air Force made constant flights, by day and night, for reconnaissance and bombing, the six squadrons carrying out a total of 1835 flying hours.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. LIMOGES ENAMELS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

painter and *valet de chambre* of Francis I., and leaves behind him close upon two thousand signed enamels—"the work of angels," says a chronicler, "rather than of men."

What does he stand for, and what is his artistic ancestry? One must go back several hundred years to Byzantium, and thence to mediæval times—to examples such as the two remarkable enamel reliquaries sold at Sotheby's a few weeks ago and illustrated in colour in these pages. Enamelling, to begin with, is an accessory of goldsmith's work, which is why so few specimens of mediæval enamels have come down to us—the objects would be broken up for the gold or silver or copper they contained. Thus was sold in 1791 the famous altar of Grandmont—not as a great work of art, but as "46 *Quintaux* of old copper." The method used was either "Champlevé" or "Cloisonné." In the first case, cells are cut in the plate and a metal line left between them to form the outline of the design: in the second, thin strips, generally of gold, are bent to the outline of the pattern, and the spaces between filled with enamel.

Limoges had always been a centre for goldsmith's work, largely because the surrounding district was—and still is—rich in precious metals, and almost all known French enamel-work comes from this provincial city.

But the mediæval technique briefly described above was destined to change. Somewhere in the third quarter of the fifteenth century the secret of

It seems odd that there should be no popular handbook about Limoges Enamels. It must be, I suppose, partly because their story is so obscure, and partly because they so rarely come on the market. There is not much demand for information about things which afford so little opportunity for a gamble. This is, perhaps, a cynical commentary upon human nature. None the less, like other cynicisms, it is at least a half-truth. Perhaps, too, the public that is not already *au fait* with these beautiful enamels finds the available literature on the subject a trifle heavy. Most of the authorities are French, and criticism is in the main confined to the more ponderous type of scholarship, which, though admirably sound, sometimes induces somnolence; in fact, I can confidently recommend most treatises upon the Limoges artists as quite admirable bed-side books. Professor Dash, for example, will write a monograph proving that the signature Monvaerni upon some early plates must represent, shall we say, a certain Bishop M. of Montbas; and some months later the learned world will be regaled with a dozen large pages, complete with innumerable footnotes, from the pen of Dr. Hiatus, who proves no less conclusively that Bishop M. not only was never known as Montbas, but that it is extremely doubtful if he ever existed.

Let us forget argument about non-essentials, and enjoy the things as they are. Colour reproduction on this page is out of the question, but an afternoon at South Kensington or the British Museum, tracking down the magnificent specimens in public ownership, will be sufficient to bear out the statement that in a drab world they glow like jewels. Not even the necessary arrangement in show cases can take from them the glamour of their original surroundings. Their colours are intoxicating, and—as is the peculiar property of enamel—as bright as when they were first put on. There they are, spread out in orderly fashion behind glass, quite rightly labelled and numbered, as if they were items in an anatomical collection. Not thus were they housed at Fontainebleau under Francis I., and we can be sure that Diane de Poitiers, whose initial, with the crescent moon, is still to be seen over the doorways intertwined with that of Henri II., pasted no scholarly little notes beneath them.

They are the products of a most sumptuous age. When Catherine de Medicis died in 1589, an inventory was made of the contents of her house. There are mentioned 135 pieces of tapestry, 341 portraits, 119 mirrors, 39 little oval tablets of Limoges enamel, and 32 Limoges enamel portraits of the type of Fig. 1. Dresses were covered with jewels, and there was no limit to the fantastic extravagance of the Court at Fontainebleau and the Louvre throughout the century—that same Court, by the way, in which Mary, Queen of Scots, was educated and married to the eldest son of Henry II. and Catherine.

In his memoirs, the bombastic Cellini tells of his visit to Fontainebleau on the invitation of Francis I.: there were working Primaticcio, Giulio Romano, Solario, and a dozen other lesser Italians. Never was such an enthusiasm for art—never such an opportunity for artists.

Into this forcing-bed of talent steps Leonard Limousin, son of an inn-keeper of Limoges, as



A STANDING DISH OF ENAMEL PAINTED ON COPPER: SIGNED "L. L." (LEONARD LIMOUSIN): A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF LIMOGES ENAMEL-WORK REPRESENTING THE VISIT OF ÆNEAS TO DIDO. (DATED 1543.)

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

painting in enamel was discovered. It was found that a picture in enamels could be made without the aid of "cloisons" to prevent the colours from running into one another.

This was something quite new. Enamelling was no longer a mere servant of the goldsmith, but an art worthy to stand by itself. The earliest painted enamels were, as was natural, religious in character, reminiscences mainly of Flemish or German primitives; but with the new century (1500) secular subjects—portraits and mythological scenes—became more and more frequent.

The enamellers rarely attempted an original composition, but borrowed their designs largely from Renaissance prints or miniatures of the Middle Ages. An amusing—and technically superb—example of this borrowing is to be seen in a plate made for the powerful Constable de Montmorency, now in the Louvre. In this, the subject, "The Festival of the Gods," is from a Raphael composition as interpreted by Raimondi in a print. But all the people in it are transformed into nobles of the period. Jupiter becomes the King Henri II., who is sitting between his wife, Catherine de Medicis—"the merchant's daughter," as her daughter-in-law, Mary Queen of Scots, called her—and his mistress Diane de Poitiers.

We know some individual names of the Limoges enamellers—notably, of course, that of Leonard Limousin—but what few facts have come down to us are concerned with families rather than persons.

It is certain that each family jealously guarded its secrets, and handed them down from father to son—and, even when the family name is known, he is a bold man who will attempt to distinguish between the work of its various members. There are, for example, five members of the Pénicaud dynasty. Leonard Pénicaud was perhaps the master of Leonard Limousin: the others, Jean I., Jean II., *et al.*, are almost as indistinguishable as their names.

Finally, one or two dates. The earliest signed piece is in the Museum at Cluny, is dated 1503 and signed by the eldest Pénicaud. Leonard Limousin entered the King's service in 1530 and died in 1577. The classic period of Limoges Enamels lasted from about 1500 to 1580. After that, both quality and inventiveness decline. The next century saw the end of this most splendid and sumptuous tradition.



AN ENAMEL PORTRAIT ATTRIBUTED TO THE FAMOUS LEONARD LIMOUSIN (DIED, 1577) AND DATED ON THE FRAME, 1538: ANTOINE DE BOURBON, afterwards King of Navarre (1518-1562).

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THE TRAGIC LOSS OF THE YACHT "ISLANDER": VICTIMS; WRECKAGE; THE "IRONBOUND COAST."



EVIDENCE OF THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OF THE "ISLANDER," WRECKED, OFF THE SOUTH CORNISH COAST, WITH THE LOSS OF ALL ON BOARD: FISHERMEN EXAMINING FRAGMENTS OF THE ILL-FATED YACHT WASHED ASHORE IN LANIVET BAY.



PATHETIC EVIDENCE OF THE TRAGEDY OF THE "ISLANDER": A WOOLLY COAT, OILSKINS, A DOOR, AND BOLSTERS WASHED ASHORE IN LANIVET BAY.



THE "ISLANDER," CHARTERED BY COMMODORE KING, IN LONDON: A YACHT THAT HAD BEEN ROUND THE WORLD AND WAS IN "PERFECT CONDITION."



A PART OF THE KEEL OF THE "ISLANDER"—SEEN WASHED ASHORE IN LANIVET BAY, BEFORE IT WAS BROKEN UP BY THE HEAVY SEAS.



SURGEON-CAPT. A. R. BRAILEY, SENIOR MEDICAL OFFICER OF H.M.S. "PRESIDENT," PRESUMED TO HAVE BEEN LOST IN THE "ISLANDER."



COMMANDER S. SEARLE R.N.V.R.; LOST IN THE "ISLANDER": AN OFFICER WHO WAS MATHEMATICIAN IN H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."



GIVING AN IDEA OF THE RUGGED SOUTH CORNISH COAST: THE SHORE NEAR FOWEY; WITH REMAINS OF THE YACHT "ISLANDER" BEING WASHED ASHORE.



LOST IN THE "ISLANDER": COMMODORE HENRY DOUGLAS KING, D.S.O., M.P. FOR SOUTH PADDINGTON.

During the gale which raged on the south coast of Cornwall on the night of August 20, the yacht "Islander" was seen to be in distress about a mile off the shore of Lanivet Bay, and to be burning flares. The Polruan rocket brigade and the Fowey lifeboat were informed. The yacht, with all her canvas torn away, was fast being driven ashore. The rocket brigade, working from the cliff top, made strenuous efforts to fire a life-line aboard the vessel in distress; but the rockets fell short. Then a local farmer, Mr. Roseveare, and five other men made a perilous descent of the cliffs with only a torch to light their way. They saw a great sea break over the yacht, which, striking a submerged rock, sank into a trough in the waves and disappeared from view. Coxswain J. Grose and the

crew of the Fowey motor-lifeboat also made gallant efforts to get to the "Islander," but by the time they had reached Lansallos Bay she had been swept too close to the shore for the lifeboat to reach her. Every soul on board perished, including Commodore King, D.S.O., M.P. for South Paddington, who had chartered the yacht for a holiday cruise. Within half an hour of her disappearing, quantities of splintered wood fragments from the wreck of the "Islander" were being tossed ashore on the beach by the mountainous seas. One theory accounts for the disaster by suggesting that the "Islander's" motors were put out of action by the heavy seas swamping her; another that, her rudder being damaged by coming into contact with a rock, she became unmanageable.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

ONE of the difficult problems that automobile engineers have to solve in engine design is the effective cooling of the valves of the mushroom or "poppet" type. Various ways have been evolved to do this with water-cooled heads, by using special metal alloys and other such means. The latest idea is the salt-cooled valve made under the Heron patents. In this design the hollow valve stem is half-filled with salt. After the engine becomes warm, when started up for operation, the salt melts, and rapid movement of the valves in action circulates this cooling liquid around the stem and under-side of the head, which is also hollow. This internal cooling carries away the heat from the valve seat. At the moment, this type of salt-cooled valve is being tried on commercial motor vehicles, such as lorries and omnibuses, marine engines and tractors, which have to perform heavy duty for long hours at a time.

Whether the tests will prove satisfactory enough to make private-car manufacturers adopt a similar type of valve remains to be seen. The



AN INTERESTING WEDDING AT SOUTHPORT: MR. J. G. SEDDON BROWN WITH HIS BRIDE (FORMERLY MISS VIOLET IRENE BERSI).

Mr. Seddon Brown is the son of Lt.-Col. N. Seddon Brown, Managing Director of the Amalgamated Cotton Mills Trust. He was given a half-Blue at Cambridge for boxing. His bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bersi, of Southport.

manufacturers of these Rich salt-cooled valves, the Wilcox-Rich Corporation, of Detroit, U.S.A., inform me that these valves give four important advantages. These, they state, are: (1) valves which run "black" under conditions where uncooled (by salt) valves run "red" hot; (2) there is a lessened tendency towards detonation (or "pinking") and pre-ignition, because of the lower temperature of the operating-valves; (3) also, this cooling eliminates valve-burning, distortion, pitting and undue wear; and (4) they improve the fuel consumption by lessening the tendency for detonation or back-fires with weak mixtures. As this firm have specialised on supplying valves to all the chief U.S.A. motor factories for many years, it is very interesting to learn that they are making such a revolutionary change in an important part of the power plant. As, however, the high chromium-content metal alloy for valves and the hollow chilled-iron face mushroom tappet now commonly used by most motor manufacturers, came first from this factory, I can well believe that their new and latest achievement, the salt-cooled valve, will back up their statement in its performance.

However, slow-speed motors are now using it on trial. Whether the design could stand up to its work on a high-speed engine has yet to be proved. I shall eagerly await the result of its trial under such conditions.



THE NEW SMALL SIX-CYLINDER 16-H.P. "ENSIGN SIX" MADE BY THE STANDARD COMPANY: A SPECIAL FABRIC SALOON MODEL COSTING £275.

New Designs from America.

Multi-cylinder engined cars are the chief features of the new designs in motor-carriages in the United States of America. More eight-cylinder models than ever are to be turned out in 1931, while the Cadillac factory is producing a twelve-cylinder model as a third choice for its patrons of the existing sixteen- and eight-cylinder cars. Even the steady old firm



THE RUSTIC CORNER FOR WHICH EVERY MOTORIST IS LOOKING! A LAKE WHICH IS THE HAUNT OF WILD DUCK, MOORHENS, AND WILD-FOWL, ALTHOUGH THE ROAD ON WHICH THE CAR (A SINGER "SIX") IS STANDING IS A PUBLIC ONE—AND ONLY 6½ MILES FROM MARBLE ARCH.

of Buick has fallen under the wand of the eight-cylinder wizard, and both Buick and Chrysler factories will offer "straight eight" cylinder cars to the world as their new models. And this in days of bad trade and downward prices, which should lead one to imagine that cars with the smallest operating costs would attract most buyers. Oil and petrol may be cheap in America, but they are much dearer in England and elsewhere. More cylinders mean greater heat losses, even if smoother running is the gain of such designs. All such heat losses add to the fuel consumption. Most folk are content if they can run a six-cylinder car. The great bulk of the 35,000,000 motors, the total number in use to-day throughout the various parts of the world, are four-cylinder machines, although the six-cylinder product is gaining ground. Eight-, twelve-, and sixteen-cylinder

[Continued on page 384.]



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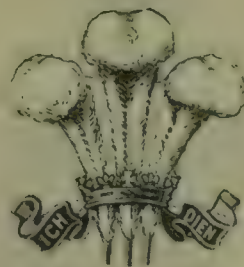
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XCVI.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON, R.N.

MANY of the new ideas that are used in racing craft to-day are employed in modified forms in cruising vessels of to-morrow. This is my excuse, if any is needed, for devoting this article to the latest British motor-racing boat, *Miss Britain I*. This little vessel has been designed and built by Mr. Scott-Paine, the owner of the British Power Boat Co., for a special purpose, namely, to compete against the cleverest designers in America on their own waters and under their conditions, with a view to wresting from them their much-coveted *Detroit News* International Trophy.

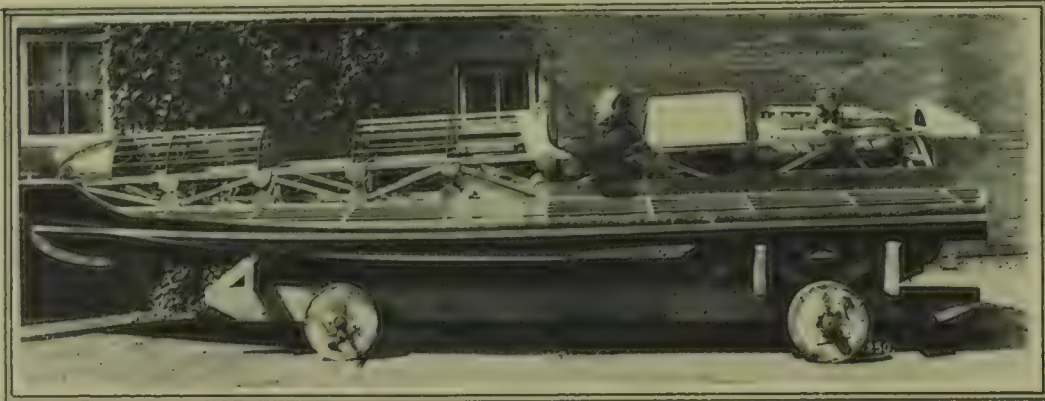
The odds against a British boat winning this prize are great, because not only have the American designers a longer experience in building the special type of boat required for this race, but they know their own waters better than others. The conditions of the race ordain that the engines employed must be stock American units as sold to the public, and that they must not be "doctored." The hulls, however, are unrestricted, so that the race becomes, in effect, a trial of strength between the hull-designers.

If unusual features can win a race, *Miss Britain I* could hardly fail to succeed. She is an extraordinary boat, and is best described as an aeroplane fuselage with the bottom of a single-stepped hydroplane tacked on underneath. It is not surprising that a design of this kind should come from Mr. Scott-Paine, in view of his past successes as an aeroplane builder and the part he took in winning the Schneider Trophy from the Italians after the war.

It has always been an accepted principle in the design of fast motor-boats that the propeller shaft angle must be flat. The six-cylinder "Scripps" engine of *Miss Britain I*, which develops 120 h.p., has been installed right aft, and the propeller shaft is at a very obtuse angle, so it will be interesting to see if past theory will be upset. From all accounts, the boat has

been found a success, for unless she had proved fast it is unlikely that her owner would have shipped her, as he did a few weeks ago, to America for the race which will be held this month.

Another interesting feature of this boat is the angled rudder, which is not in the centre-line of the vessel. It is fitted so that when turning to starboard its top reaches close to the bottom of the hull, thus making it more efficient when turning in this direction. The propeller-shaft bracket serves a dual purpose, for it is a hollow casting with its leading edge forming an orifice through which the cooling water for the engine is collected. This has been done to



THE BRITISH CHALLENGER FOR THE "DETROIT NEWS" INTERNATIONAL TROPHY: THE SKELETON OF "MISS BRITAIN I," DESIGNED AND BUILT BY MR. SCOTT-PAINE, THE OWNER OF THE BRITISH POWER BOAT COMPANY.

The photograph shows the little vessel before her deck and superstructure covering had been fitted, and illustrates clearly the way in which aeroplane constructional methods have been followed. Both forward and aft rudders are fitted, the former being operated by the feet of the helmsman, and the latter by means of the hand-wheel.

save the resistance created by an additional waterscoop. The dimensions of the boat are: Length (water-line) 20 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Beam, 5 ft. 8 ins.; Beam amidships, 5 ft. 6 ins. The bottom is built of $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. mahogany, whilst the sides are $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. thick. It is to be hoped that, by the time this description appears, Mr. Scott-Paine will have been successful over his sporting effort.

I was asked recently how I would act in order to leave harbour in a vessel which was made fast, bow and stern, to two buoys that were lying parallel to, and only three-quarters of the boat's-length from, a lee shore in a wind that was blowing strongly. The

thoughts of many yachtsmen would immediately fly to the kedge anchor or to running out a grass-line to windward to some nearby ship or jetty with which to haul the ship clear. Kedge anchors and grass-lines are very useful things. They are too useful, in fact, and are therefore employed on many occasions when good seamanship would ordain their exclusion. This is one of them. Engines and rudders are fitted to ships to be used, and a good seaman who understands how to handle his ship properly looks to them, more than to kedge anchors and warps, as the proper means for moving his ship. For this reason I would leave the berth referred to by casting off all hawsers and securing-lines from both buoys, leaving only a stout wire slip-rope on each. Work the forward buoy under the lee bow and go slow ahead on the engine, slacking away the after slip-rope as necessary. This will bring the forward buoy aft on the lee side and tighten the forward slip-rope. Continuing to go ahead slow against the forward wire with the helm hard up will then pinch the bows round to leeward, the forward buoy acting as a pivot. This will cant the stern to windward sufficiently to allow the ship to back out astern, the slip-ropes being let go at the last moment. There is no danger in this manoeuvre as long as the slip-ropes are not cast off until it is quite certain that everything has gone according to plan, because in

the event of a failure the slip-ropes will prevent the vessel from blowing ashore. On no account should the bows be canted outwards and the stern inwards, for this would bring the propellers dangerously near the shore, and they might be damaged in consequence.

An owner who extricates his vessel from a berth of this sort unaided by kedges or other outside means is entitled to be proud of his seamanship. It is true that Nelson used kedge anchors very frequently, but in his day they took the place of engines. He would surely have scorned them if he had had mechanical power, in the same way as naval ships never use them if they can possibly help it.



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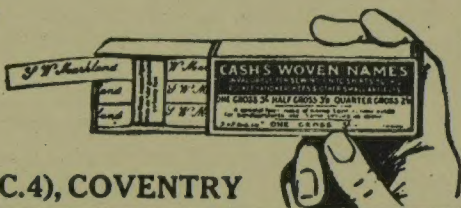
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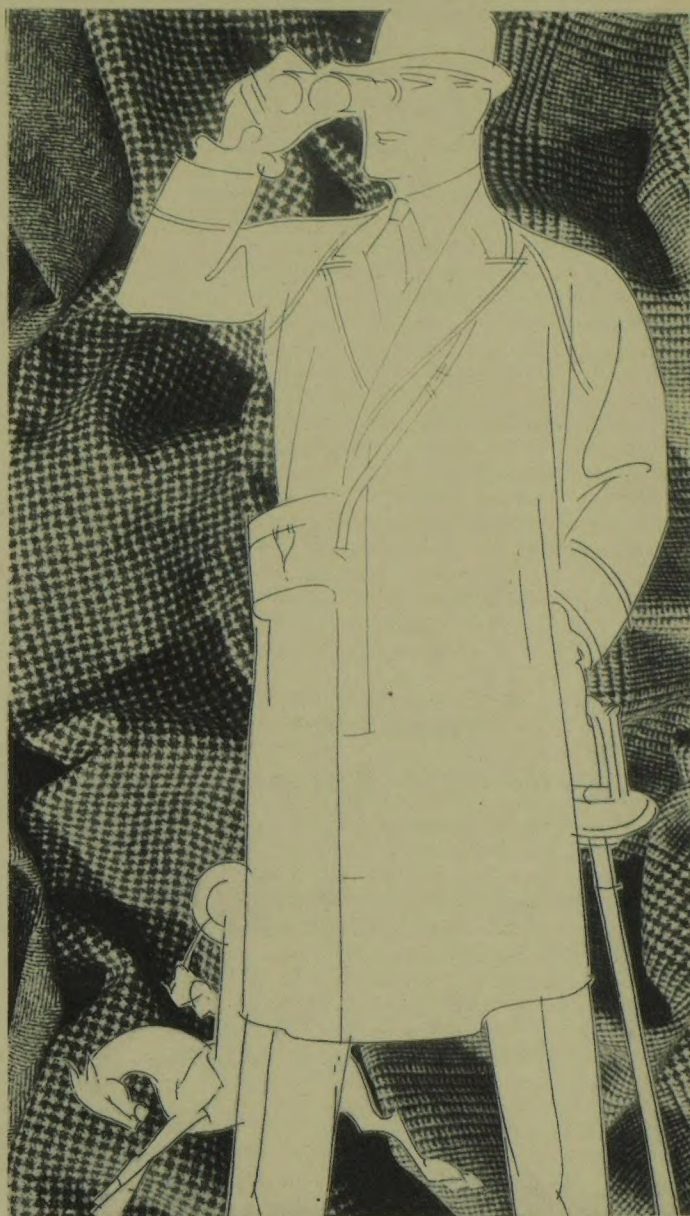
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

(Continued from Page 380.)

motors are all right for wealthy people who require large, roomy coachwork seating seven or eight persons; but no one can style them cheap-running cars. Consequently, the demand for them must be limited. They would be "white elephants" to the average motorist. In the meanwhile, since August 1, the Chevrolet six-cylinder passenger-car now offers disc or wire wheels on option to its patrons in the States without extra cost. Formerly, disc wheels were standard equipment, except for sports models. I expect to see wire wheels on all British-built Chevrolets for next season.

New-Style English Cars. Our English motor manufacturers, in my opinion, are better gauging the requirements of the motoring public in all parts of the world than any of their rivals. The new-style programme of the British maker is to offer a choice of an efficient small four-cylinder, four-seating car of about ten horse-power, a more powerful 15-h.p. model of six-cylinders, and a full-sized wheel-track and wheel-base carriage of about 20-h.p. with a six-cylinder engine. After 20-h.p. the English motor manufacturer counts the purchasers of higher-rated carriages, as the select few who can buy the best available, irrespective of price. A notable example of this view of motor sales strategy is the programme of new models recently issued by the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., of Coventry. This firm has been one of the great successes this year in the English motor industry. Its sales have increased in one of the worst years that the trade has experienced for some time. I wish it the best of luck in its new programme. This consists of a "Big Nine" Standard, an improvement on the small Standard car of this past season, rated at 10 h.p., an entirely new small six-cylinder, 16-h.p. engine car, the Ensign Six, and a new 20 h.p. six-cylinder carriage—I use this term in its fullest sense. The Big Nine, the four-cylinder car, has its wheel-track width increased from 3 ft. 9 ins. to 4 ft., a new banjo rear axle with an externally adjustable spiral bevel, and a three- or a four-speed gear-box as a choice for its purchasers. The four-speed model has a silent "twin top," with easy change and quiet gears. Marles steering, finger-tip controls in the centre of the steering-wheel, dipping head-lights and other such refinements are some of its chief features. Prices range from £195 to £255, according to the model chosen.

The Ensign Six seats four persons, and, with its larger engine, has the advantage of higher speed with equal comfort. This model can also be obtained with either the three- or four-speed gear-box, and generally follows the Big Nine in its mechanical design. The larger 20-h.p. "Envoy" Standard carriage is a roomy five-seater. This has a four-speed gear-box and silent third speed. It has all the latest refinements in equipment and coachwork, bumpers, and everything that one could desire as fitments. Its price as a saloon is £385. The Ensign Six of 16-h.p. costs from £245 up to £285, so that the complete programme offers styles of cars to suit all capacities of purses from the three differently rated models. The new Standard car range should find favour, therefore, among all classes of motorists requiring high value for their expenditure.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J W SMEDLEY.—Quite right, the White King had to get out of check, but went to the wrong square.
ANTONIO FERREIRA.—Yes; the solution of No. 4072 appeared unusually early!
P J WOOD.—Thank you for yours, which we are using shortly.
H RICHARDS.—Yes; Winter's record at Hamburg was very fine; he went through the whole tournament without a loss.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS No. 4067 to 4071 from Geo. Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4072 from R B Cooke (Portland, Me.); of No. 4073 from Antonio Ferreira (Porto.), J M K Lupton (Richmond), E Pinkney (Driffeld), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), R B Cooke (Portland, Me.); of No. 4074 from J M K Lupton (Richmond), P J Wood (Wakefield), Julio Mond (Seville), E J Gibbs (East Ham), H Richards (Hove), A Johnson (Blackpool), M Heath (London), and M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands).
CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XLIV. from H Gilchrist Brown (Buenos Aires), 70%; of No. XLVI. from J M K Lupton (Richmond), E Thorsen (Helsingfors); of No. XLVII. from R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), E Pinkney (Driffeld), David Hamblen (Newton, Mass.), 50%; and H Richards (Hove); and of No. XLVIII. from L W Cafferata (Newark), H Richards (Hove); and E G S Churchill (Blockley).

Messrs. James Carter and Co., of Raynes Park, have just issued their new bulb catalogue, which contains several items of extreme interest to garden lovers. The price of bulbs has been considerably reduced, and an attractive selection is that devoted to room gardening. This increasingly popular hobby is assisted not only by the variety of bulbs offered, but by the striking attractions in bulb bowls, in which Messrs. Carter specialise. Readers can obtain Messrs. Carter's catalogue on application to their offices at Raynes Park.

"LET US BE GAY." AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

"LET US BE GAY" is a moderately entertaining comedy, with a bed-room scene for Miss Tallulah Bankhead a little out of the ordinary; for in it she plays the rôle of a mother of two children in tears at the discovery that her husband had been unfaithful to her. Divorcing him, she meets him three years later at a country house, to which she has been invited for the purpose of decoying an unwelcome suitor from her hostess's granddaughter. Inevitably the man turns out to be her ex-husband, who makes love to her in common with the remainder of the male guests. There is an amusing study in this second act by Miss Cecily Byrne as a languid beauty, and by Mr. Eric Cowley as a foolish author—a trifle too foolish, maybe, to be the successful one we are told he is. On the stage at least, American young ladies have a tiresome habit of getting tipsy on the slightest provocation, and the *ingenue* in this comedy was no exception to the sad rule. It may have been intentionally that the actress assumed an air of intoxication so naively as to suggest that she had drunk nothing stronger than dry gingerale. There is quite an amusing farcical scene, in which most of the men at the house-party gather on the verandah outside the heroine's bed-room at night, and a curious note of seriousness in the last act a little out of keeping with so frivolous an entertainment. Miss Helen Haye gave an admirable performance as an acid-tongued dowager. Mr. Francis Lister was smooth and easy as a hired guest, and contrived to give the part rather more prominence than the author may have intended. Miss Tallulah Bankhead delighted her admirers, and if she faltered somewhat in the incongruously introduced serious scenes, more than atoned by her brightness in the lighter ones.

To give cigarette smokers full smoking value is evidently the aim of Messrs. R. and J. Hill in introducing their new brand, "Sunripe Extra," which it is claimed "stand alone for size and tone." These cigarettes carry with them no coupons for free gifts; all the value is in their extra size and quality. They are, indeed, the original big-size Sunripes which were so greatly favoured by smokers a few years ago, and they sell at the popular prices of 10 for 6d. and 20 for 1s., packed in distinctive red cartons.

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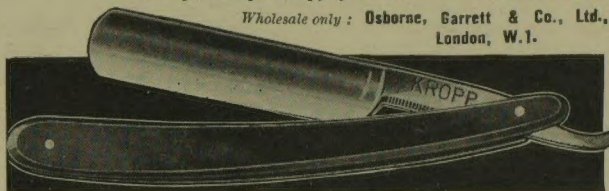
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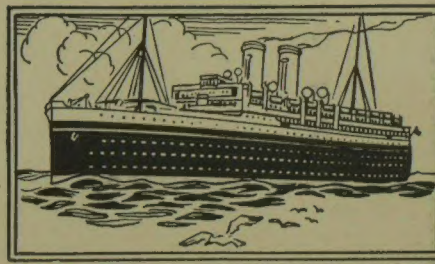
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"But—we can't go on this way—"

"I tell you I'll get even, one way or another."

"Not by stealing, surely."

"For God's sake, don't lecture!" Arthur seized his *topi* and strode out of the room, leaving his wife crushed.

Joan was thoroughly terrified now. Arthur a thief! . . . And yet there was a certain courage about that confession, for he could have hidden the truth from her easily enough. Or was it courage? Perhaps it was defiance. Perhaps he had grown wholly indifferent to her. Whatever the truth, the future now was dark indeed.

That affair at Roeter's turned out to be only the first of several similar "misfortunes," as Arthur termed them. He and Joan left Singapore finally and drifted to Malacca, then on to Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh and Penang. Crenshaw worked at one thing and another: he tallied cargo, he was a clerk at a tin mine, he recruited labour in *kampongs*, but sooner or later he was always fired, and Joan suspected why.

Husband and wife had fallen steadily in the social scale, of course. The time came when they were considered a menace to the white man's prestige. This was death to Joan, but when she mentioned leaving the East, Arthur flew into a rage and refused to budge.

"Naturally it makes them sore to have me kicking about," he would say. "That's why I hang on. Run me out? Never!"

Not many women would have stuck to a man under these circumstances, but Joan was not the quitting kind.

In "THE BARBARIAN," a story of the poison of the East, by Rex Beach.



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